

The Nation.

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The Week.

WE have discussed elsewhere the explanations offered by Mr. Tilden and Mr. Marble of their connection with the telegrams published by the *Tribune*. Of their effect in ruining Mr. Tilden's political fortunes, or what was left of them, there seems no doubt; but what other effect they will have it would be hard to say. That they will be taken as proof of wickedness peculiar to the Democrats as long as the Republican correspondence is not produced, seems very unlikely, because they show that, though the Returning Boards were ready to sell and the Democrats were ready to buy, the Republicans, after all, secured the article. The reporters are interviewing all the prominent politicians to see what view they take of the matter, and, strange as it may appear, not one has been found to approve of bribery in any form. In fact, they all pronounce the purchase of Returning Boards very reprehensible, a fact which has greatly relieved the public. We suspect, however, that if the truth were known it would be found that very few politicians on either side in their secret hearts think it any great sin to buy whatever is for sale—or, in other words, when great interests are at stake, to bribe the bribable. They reserve their horror for bribery which results in the election of bad men. It must be added, too, that *purchasing votes by the promise of offices is corruption in a peculiarly insidious form*, and as long as it lasts and is tolerated it will instigate and excuse bribery by money on the part of those who have no offices to bestow. This is the fundamental principle of reform which it behooves the American people at this juncture to lay to heart.

The *Times* has borne the great "beat" achieved by the *Tribune* in the noble and recently-added "detective department" of journalism with exemplary patience and forbearance, and comments on the cipher telegrams with a calm and good temper which do it the highest honor. This is the more creditable because the *Times* really had something in the nature of a pre-emptor's claim to any journalistic advantage arising out of Tilden's iniquities. It was and is the highest living authority about his income-tax frauds and his stock and railroad operations, and, looking at the matter from a purely equitable stand-point, ought to have had a first chance at his telegrams and other private correspondence. In the old days of the redoubtable Jennings it would not have accepted the situation so quietly. It would never have permitted "the man Reid," as it loved to call him, to make such a racket about his telegrams with impunity, and would have compelled him by volleys of well-chosen epithets to bear his honors meekly. Perhaps the present state of things is nobler and better than the old one, but it is unquestionably duller, and life is not varied enough or picturesque enough for most of us to see, without a certain regret, the substitution of vapid compliments, or dreary silence, for the clash of newspaper arms with which the morning hours of other days used to be filled.

The next House will lack two of the most conspicuous, able, and useful members of the present body, Messrs. Clarkson N. Potter and Abram S. Hewitt. Mr. Potter was, indeed, renominated from the Twelfth District, but having served for four terms he considers himself to have discharged his duty to his country, and has declined to run again. In a letter to his constituents he lets it be seen that the hopes he entertained of effecting something for the public good in a Democratic House have not been fully realized; and his chief service he is inclined to think has been in procuring the passage of

a bill, which the Senate will probably adopt, removing from Congress the determination of most private claims with their attendant corruption. Mr. Potter frankly says that he is confirmed in his decision not to serve again by the fact that upon the financial issues of the day he is "not entirely in accord with some of our people." He takes some pride in having argued the legal-tender cases before the Supreme Court, when he warned them against establishing the power of Congress in time of peace to change the measure of value for past-due debts. He also declares (and it entitles him to the reward offered by the Cincinnati *Commercial* for any Congressman who knew when demonetization took place) that he was almost alone in opposing that measure in 1873, "because it might alter the standard of values"; and he now opposes remonetization for the same reason, and would hold fast to resumption. Unlike Mr. Potter, Mr. Hewitt depended on Tammany for his renomination, and his relations to Mr. Tilden of course ruined his chances. The political managers of the Tenth District, however, had not the pleasure of appointing his successor, for the Boss kindly sent them word that he had selected Mr. Orlando B. Potter for them, and they ratified his selection with only the natural hesitation which came of not knowing who Mr. O. B. Potter was, to begin with, and of learning that he did not so much as live in the district. "The people's choice" has obligingly promised to move there directly.

The various Anti-Tammany organizations in this city have effected a union with the Republicans in regard to the city elections, and a joint ticket has been arranged, with Mr. Edward Cooper at its head as candidate for Mayor. It seems to have more strength than that put forward by Tammany, which has nominated Mr. Augustus Schell for Mayor, and associated with him men who, like himself, have been defeated in previous elections, although they polled the full Tammany vote. Mr. Cooper's nomination is a good one, and the whole ticket is fair when one remembers that it is a compromise between five organizations. There is already talk of the retirement of one of the Tammany candidates, and this indicates that the Boss is fearful of having overestimated his strength, in consequence of his success at Syracuse and in the State Committee, and is ready to withdraw behind stronger nominations. The leaders of the combined opposition are sanguine of success; they estimate their strength at over eighty thousand votes, and Tammany does not control many more than fifty thousand votes. If there is no secret dissension and trading, their hopes seem to be well grounded, and if, as is reported, the alliance extends to the Assembly and Congressional districts as well as the city offices, the usefulness of the movement may be much increased, however temporary the harmony of the factions may be. It is to be noted, too, that Gen. Arthur was at the head of the Republicans in this matter, and it makes one wonder just what was the secret history of the Tammany-Conkling friendliness, and whether Kelly is now consumed with anger at the "ingratitude" of the great New York Senator.

Butler's methods in the Massachusetts canvass received an excellent illustration in what occurred lately at Fall River, where a man appeared one morning among the operatives of the Robeson mill and fomented trouble by inciting them to action which resulted in a lock-out. A mass meeting was soon announced for the evening of the same day with out-of-town speakers. The addresses, which were of the most inflammatory character, all ended by prescribing Butler's election as the remedy for the troubles of the workmen. One speaker went so far as to tell the operatives that, should Butler be elected, he would send troops to them to aid them against the manufacturers. Such an unprincipled scheme for making political capital was never before resorted to by a candidate in Massachusetts, but it is of the same character as the barbecue at Worcester

and other incidents of the campaign, and serves to "keep the ball rolling" and swell the popular tide in Butler's favor. Judge Abbott appears to have dropped out of notice for the time being, but the Boston *Post* still adheres to its comical proposition that Talbot should withdraw and leave the Republicans free to defeat Butler by voting for Abbott.

The Democratic and Republican versions of the recent outrages in South Carolina differ in many respects, but they agree in the essential fact that Republican meetings are overawed by armed Democrats, so that free speech and action are really impeded. The avowed plan of the Democrats, in their conduct of the campaign, is to allow no Republican meetings unless a division of time is agreed to and Democrats given an opportunity to speak, in order, as they allege, to contradict the "Radical lies," but, as the Republicans say, to capture the meetings and intimidate the voters. This of course is the old "Mississippi plan" redivivus. Out of these interferences arose the events which were lately reported to the President, and which prompted Attorney-General Devens's order to the Federal officials entrusted with the execution of the laws in the South. Under the protection of this order, Judge Lee, whose evidence had secured it, attempted to hold a mass meeting at Sumter. On the day appointed the red-shirt Democracy rode in from all the country round, and the Republican speakers being, as they say, threatened with death in case they should attempt to carry out their programme, did not dare appear. The few hundred Republicans who had the courage to assemble were addressed, however, by a white-haired veteran of eighty years, whose remarks, delivered in the midst of the firing of cannon and other interruption, irritated "the boys," and it is clear enough that one of the bloodiest riots of the South was prevented only by the decision and bravery of Generals Hagood and Moise, who commanded the Democrats and restrained them. The old man was taken home, and when warrants were issued for the arrest of some leading Democrats they retaliated by arresting him on a charge of inciting riot. The matter will therefore come before the courts in all its bearings.

In the same way as Judge Lee, ex-Senator Swails has had his meetings interfered with, has himself been subjected to public ridicule, and in the mêlée a negro, who attempted to protect him, was wounded, and, finally, Swails was notified by "citizens" to leave town within ten days on pain of death; but it should be remarked that the gentleman who is said to have threatened him with death has published a card denying that statement, but admitting that he said that "in his opinion if he returned he would be killed, for no earthly power could protect him against the righteous indignation of an outraged people." The victims of these outrages would meet with more Northern sympathy if they enjoyed better reputations. Swails, for example, was for a long time president *pro tem.* of the Senate in carpet-bag days, and on his own request was allowed by the Committee on Frauds to obtain immunity from punishment for his misdeeds—documentary evidence of which exists—by resigning the seat for which he is now again a candidate. There is, of course, nothing new to be said about these proceedings: they are not to be justified, but to be accounted for. They grow out of the determination on the part of the whites to perpetuate the victory of force (in its broadest sense) over superior numbers which was achieved under Hampton. We may expect them to continue just as long as the whites fear, whether reasonably or otherwise, that the "color-line" can be made use of for political purposes; and the South Carolinians must expect them to furnish politicians at the North with a convenient means of keeping alive the old animosities of the war.

President Hayes, on his return from the West, stopped last week at Winchester, in Virginia, where he was received with a military escort by Governor Holliday, and afterwards made a speech at the Fair Grounds. As in his Western tour, he adapted his remarks to

his audience with a fitness which it is to be hoped will be appreciated by the people of the State. Instead of setting before them the condition of the national finances, he read a number of sentiments from the writings of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, and Chief-Justice Marshall, exposing the folly of paper-money emission—"the very foolish and wicked plans" as Jefferson termed those with which Virginia was threatened in 1785-87; "the epidemic malady," as Madison termed it. All these quotations deserve a wide distribution during the present canvass, but Mr. Gorham, Secretary of the Republican Executive Committee, who appears to decide in these matters, has let it be known that Mr. Hayes can contribute to the campaign documents only by making a speech in which he distinctly wishes success to the Republican party, or performs the equivalent service of making "human rights" his theme. Mr. William E. Chandler, we observe, has so far succumbed to the prevailing vicious fashion that he has permitted himself to make a speech in which he treated the financial question first.

In the foreign financial markets the week has been one of depression and apprehension. There were many failures in England, and it is estimated that the liabilities of firms which have suspended since the City of Glasgow Bank failure are not less than £10,000,000 sterling, or \$50,000,000. These failures, and the rumors and fears of others, made the London market very sensitive. British consols fell $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$; money was active, although the Bank of England did not advance its discount above 6 per cent. There was a rumor that the Bank of England had asked and received from the Bank of France a loan of £6,000,000, but this proved to be unfounded; in fact, there has been nothing yet in the condition of affairs in London that warranted so extraordinary a request for aid. Sterling bills at Paris have all the time ruled at rates that take gold to London, and sterling here has advanced so that gold cannot be brought over from London. At the New York Stock Exchange quiet has prevailed and prices have changed very little. Gold closed at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$; money was easy for borrowers to get at 5 to 6 per cent., and the banks gained about \$700,000 on their surplus reserve. Silver fell during the week from 50d. to 49 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per oz. in London. The price here fell to \$1 06 $\frac{1}{2}$ to \$1 07 per oz. 1000 fine. At \$1 07 the bullion value of the 412 $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain silver dollar is exactly 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents gold. The Treasury yesterday received proposals to sell to the Government 400,000 ounces fine silver. The United States product is from 600,000 to 700,000 ounces per week. The London market continues heavy because all the exchange on India that is wanted is furnished by the India Council drafts, and is likely to be for several months, and because there is at the moment no other important demand for silver.

The revelations made by the Committee appointed to examine the affairs of the Glasgow Bank are very startling, not merely as regards the amount of the losses but as regards the dishonesty of the management; and the whole Board of Directors, six in number, with the manager and secretary have been arrested for fraud. The books showed that the liabilities were \$5,633,820 more than the shareholders were led to believe they were; and that the assets on good paper and gold were less by \$1,126,764 than the shareholders were led to believe they were. Not only were the shareholders deceived, however, but also the Government. By Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1845 Scotch banks were allowed to issue notes as previously without limitation as to amount, but for every note issued above its average circulation during the year ending May, 1845, each bank had to have coin in its vaults. Under this rule the legal circulation of the Glasgow Bank was \$364,955; for anything above this amount it was obliged by law to hold gold, and might have issued \$1,832,330. It actually had in circulation, however, when it failed \$3,020,980, and evaded the check of the weekly return of the bullion held by it, required by the statute, by inserting whatever amount of gold was necessary to make its circulation lawful. The total loss, including the capital stock of \$5,000,000, will reach

nearly \$30,000,000, and as the shareholders are liable without limit, probably half of them will be totally ruined. An assessment of \$2,500 a share has already been levied on them. It is altogether the worst financial crash that has ever occurred in Scotland. The loss on the failure of the Western Bank in 1857 only amounted to \$10,000,000. It is to be observed, however, that the failure in no way grows out of the leading peculiarity of Scotch banking—the system of “cash credits,” by which a man on giving proper personal security is credited with a certain amount, which he draws and repays in such sums as he pleases, paying interest only on the amount actually used by him. The present failure is due, like those of nearly all banks, to excessive advances to persons in difficulty.

There has been no progress reported in the British quarrel with Afghanistan. The troops are concentrating on the frontier, however, and operations of some kind will, it is said, be undertaken before the cold weather sets in—that is, before the beginning of December; but whether they will consist of a bold dash for Cabul, or a merely preliminary occupation of some of the passes, to be followed up in the spring, has not yet been determined. On the one hand, it is alleged that the seizure of Cabul by a sudden *coup* now would make a profound impression on the native imagination; on the other, there is the chance of a check or a reverse occurring to a lightly-equipped column at the beginning of winter, which would be very serious. Then, if the grand advance is delayed till the spring, there is danger that the passes may be fortified under the superintendence of Russian engineers, and even armed with Gatling guns, which would be very trying; for there is no question—the Russian press makes no secret of it—that if the Amir fights, the British will pay dearly for permitting Baker Pasha and Hobart Pasha and other volunteers to take service with the Turks in the late war. There will be a rush of Russian volunteers into the Afghan service, and they will make the advance on the capital a more serious matter by far than that of Pollock in 1842. But there is still hope entertained that the Amir will not fight, but will at the last moment lose heart and go to Peshawur to apologize.

The prospect of the war has raised the serious question as to whether England or India is to pay for it, which promises to be discussed with increasing acrimony. The last Afghan war cost—and war was comparatively cheap in those days—nearly \$75,000,000. It is not extravagant to put the cost of the one now impending down at \$20,000,000. If this is put upon India, it will be put upon a country in which taxation has been pushed to the point of danger, and in which, for some years back, there has been a yearly deficit of \$20,000,000. Then, apart from the mere matter of fiscal expediency, there is the question whether, as all this trouble has grown out of the “imperial policy,” India should be made to bear any more of the burden than the rest of the Empire. On the other hand, if it is imposed on England, either by an increase in taxation or by a loan charged on the home revenues, it will bring home to the Jingo the disagreeable fact that Lord Beaconsfield’s policy is a costly luxury. Indian finance, in fact, begins to loom on the horizon as a very black cloud. The Government, like the rest of the world, has been spending heavily of late years on “public improvements,” in the shape of railroads and irrigation works, and, besides this, has recently had to meet two terrible famines. The taxes, if not unbearable already, are as high as the natives will stand from a foreign power.

Our Paris correspondent discusses elsewhere the political side of the Austro-Hungarian difference, of the gravity of which there is no doubt. The financial matter is put most prominently forward, but it owes its importance largely to the fact that Hungary, besides being heavily embarrassed, detests the Bosnian venture. Herr Szell, the finance minister who has just resigned, defends himself by the plea that when he agreed to the vote of 60,000,000 florins, which was

all that Count Andrassy asked for in the beginning, he was firmly persuaded that this was all that would be needed. About 80,000,000 more are now supposed to be necessary, and the Hungarians might be got to agree to raise this by an Imperial or joint loan; but the Austrians object to this on the ground that their credit being better than that of Hungary they can raise money on better terms, and would lose this advantage by contracting a joint loan, and probably permanently injure their credit. This may be true, but it is not likely to soothe the feelings of the Magyars. A deficit of 70,000,000 florins in 1878, and of 66,000,000 in 1879, now seems probable in Hungary.

The not unexpected resignation of the Italian Ministry has been announced by cable, but the King is said to have refused to accept it unless Signor Cairoli would undertake to form a new one. This mark of confidence in a discredited prime minister is significant of the King’s attitude in regard to the foreign policy, or want of policy, which has perhaps done as much as anything to break down the present Ministry. Signor Crispi has published a letter accusing them of having humiliated Italy in the eyes of Europe, and there is no doubt that this sentiment is very widespread among the most cultivated and influential classes in the country. Italy’s part in the Treaty of Berlin, as a mere looker-on at the division of spoils, which found a popular condemnation in the *Italia irredenta* agitation, has not been atoned for by subsequent vigilance on the part of the Government in the maintenance of Italian “interests.” The recent selection of an Englishman, Mr. Rivers Wilson, to be the Khedive’s Minister of Finance, and of a Frenchman, M. de Blignières, to be his Minister of Public Works, renewed Italy’s jealousy of these two Powers, and the Ministry was taxed with its failure to secure the kingdom its proper share in the control of Egypt and the Levant. France, again, it was remarked, has the virtual administration of the finances of Tunis through an inspector-general; has attracted French capital thither by guaranteeing the interest; is building a railroad, to connect Tunis with Constantine and Algiers, of which the land-grants will be almost equivalent to annexing the richest and most fertile part of the country, and to which will fall the port of Bizerta, the best on the coast from Ceuta to Cape Bon; and, finally, is entertaining the to be sure chimerical project of an inland sea and canal which would still further unite the province and the Bey’s dominions. When one reflects how small a strait separates Sicily and Tunis, the Italian anxiety seems perfectly natural; but, moreover, as a recent letter in the *Kassegna Settimanale* shows, Italy’s colony in Tunis is the strongest one it has in the Mediterranean, and supports a commerce scarcely inferior to that with Turkey or Egypt. In numbers it is twice the total of all other foreign residents, on whom it imposes its own language. Besides these grounds of complaint against the Cairoli Cabinet, it had been charged with unconstitutional designs in proposing to nominate a large number of Senators at one time, in the middle of a session, with a view to overcoming the Senate’s probable resistance to the Government’s plan of gradually abolishing the grist-tax.

The Government and the majority in the German Reichsrath have managed to come to terms regarding the Anti-Socialist Bill, and on its passage the Parliament has been prorogued. Books are to be exempt from the operation of the Act; newspapers are not to be summarily suppressed for the first offence; nobody can be expelled from his place of abode for more than six months; and the court of appeals from the decisions of the police is to be formed by the Emperor. The Act is to remain in operation two years and a half, at the expiration of which Prince Bismarck says he will apply for a prolongation if necessary. These details are, however, only reported by telegraph, and may call for correction when the full copy of the revised bill arrives. The minister has managed to obtain some very difficult legislation without a quarrel with the National Liberals, which is a great triumph under the circumstances. The Central Socialist Committee has dissolved, but advises the disciples to continue the propagandism individually.

THE DEMOCRATIC DENIALS.

MR. MANTON MARBLE has published a letter in answer to the charges based on the telegrams deciphered by the *Tribune*. The charges are that he sent various telegrams from Florida showing him to be a party to a plan for purchasing the vote of a member of the Florida Returning Board for Mr. Tilden. His answer is (1) that one telegram ascribed to him by the *Tribune*, but containing no allusion to this transaction, was not sent by him and is a forgery; (2) that he "never attempted, furthered, or executed in any manner, direct or indirect, or ever assented to or was concerned in any proposition, purpose, scheme, or effort, to buy the State canvassers' certificate of the vote of Florida, or to certify that vote as it was cast by her people for the Tilden electors"; (3) that frequent proposals to sell a vote were made to him by "real or pretended brokers," but though he reported all such proposals to the Democratic National Committee, they were never discussed or entertained by him, but always repulsed; (4) that Tilden having fairly the vote of the State, corruption was not considered necessary in order to get it for him; (5) that it was then inconceivable for an "American citizen" that President Hayes should reward every agent and accessory in "the crime" by which he obtained the place.

All this would be a sufficient answer to a simple assertion by the editor of the *Tribune* that Mr. Marble had been guilty of an attempt to bribe, because in a "conflict of veracity" touching a man's reputation *melior est conditio defendentis*. But the attack has been made by the aid of certain documents, which have been interpreted by a process that has been fully explained and the accuracy of which has not been impugned, and which point to Mr. Marble as the person who transmitted to Colonel Pelton, at Mr. Tilden's house, a proposal to sell the decision of the Board to Mr. Tilden for \$200,000, and as a party to much subsequent bargaining arising out of this proposal and relating mainly to the price. These documents consist of thirteen telegrams, some of which purport to have been addressed to Mr. Marble by name, and two of them to have been signed with his name, and it is these which are occupying the public mind with regard to him. An adequate answer, therefore, must show either (1) that these telegrams were never sent by him or received by him, or (2) that the cipher in which they were sent has been wrongly interpreted, or (3) that they are inventions from beginning to end. We need hardly point out to as acute a man as Mr. Marble that the accusation is not one that can be disposed of by a counter attack; that is to say, an allegation that the State was bought for Hayes does not, even if true, meet an allegation that he (Mr. Marble) tried to buy it for Tilden. A supplemental explanation will therefore be necessary.

Mr. Tilden has also answered by a general denial of all knowledge of the existence of the Florida telegrams except what he has derived from their publication in the *Tribune*, and of all knowledge of any such offers as the telegrams contain or refer to. He heard of the proposal to sell the certificate some time after the State vote had been cast, but was told at the same time that it had been rejected. He makes the same sweeping denial with regard to the South Carolina telegrams. He also denies that any proposal to bribe in his behalf was ever authorized or sanctioned by him directly or indirectly. He then points out that the corruptibility of the counters in Florida, and particularly of McLin, is not denied by anybody; alleges that the Louisiana certificate was repeatedly offered to Mr. Hewitt and others for money; and designates as "pregnant" the fact that none "of these corrupt boards gave their certificates to the Democratic electors, but all did give them to the Republican electors." He then alleges that he was determined from the beginning not to compete for the Presidency before these corrupt boards either by the offer of offices or money; that he aimed, in case he obtained the Presidency, at the execution of reforms in the Federal Government similar to those which he had carried out in this State, and his purpose would have been defeated if he had committed himself in any way in the choice of men. He then attacks the Electoral Commission, showing that it was

able to award the Presidency to Mr. Hayes solely by refusing to receive information, to which Congress was entitled, of facts about which there was no manner of doubt, and winds up by a reference to McLin's confession before the Potter Committee of having been influenced by a promise of office.

Mr. Tilden's answer is not open to the objection made to Mr. Marble's, because none of the telegrams appear to have been sent to him or by him. What implicates him is that the corrupt bargaining by which he was to profit was, it is alleged, carried on by his nephew and confidential friends from his own house; that it related to a matter in which he was deeply interested; that the canvass was, and had been from the beginning, carried on under his personal superintendence or guidance; and that what is known of his habits of business and turn of mind makes it seem very unlikely that any of his agents or subordinates would have ventured on a transaction so seriously affecting his fortune and reputation without his knowledge. We are not, however, by all this driven to the conclusion that he has, in this denial, been guilty of direct falsehood, which is one that everybody must desire to avoid with regard to the candidate of a great party for such an office as the Presidency, because "The Wicked Partner" theory will furnish an explanation consistent with all the facts, and especially with the fact that Mr. Tilden does not seem to have been shocked or surprised by the telegrams, and has not denied that they may have been sent by his nephew and friends, and has not, in consequence of them, broken with or manifested any displeasure against his nephew and friends on seeing the telegrams.

The "Wicked Partner" plan has made its way very extensively into business of all sorts within a few years, and is perhaps one of the most curious illustrations we have of the severity of the struggle in our day between the higher morality and mere material success. One finds it at work in mercantile houses, newspaper offices, in politics, and indeed in all business in which reputation is of consequence. An enterprise carried on on this plan always contains at least one, but seldom more than one, pure and upright man, who does his share of the work with a single eye to the good of his fellow-men, and, if the enterprise be a commercial one, seeks to make money simply for the sake of the opportunities of usefulness which its possession will give him. But associated with him there is usually one or more persons of more acuteness and activity though less intellectual power than he, who perceive clearly that in the existing state of society the Good Man could not go very far as he is going without bankruptcy, and that to save him from being ruined by his very virtues, and to make his goodness consistent with commercial success, he must have the assistance of others less scrupulous and more familiar with iniquity in its various forms, and who will do whatever dirty work the condition of human nature makes necessary without shocking him by the knowledge of it. These persons are now known as "Wicked Partners," and they play a curiously large part in the working of our social machinery. In commerce the Good Man is apt to be the head of the firm, but unfamiliar with the details, over which the Wicked Partners have full sway. In newspaper offices he is apt to be the editor, and the Wicked Partner confines himself to the publishing department, where he throws off all restraint and turns the Good Man's reputation into gold by the most sinful processes. In politics the Good Man is a candidate, or Governor or President, and animated as usual by the loftiest motives; but the Wicked Partners, in the shape of friends and followers, see that, in any conflicts he may have with men of a lower type than he, he gets the benefit of all the recent improvements both in offensive and defensive weapons, and without any responsibility or danger. If by chance he is now and then charged with complicity in any doubtful acts of theirs, there is the ready reply that they "got round him" or "poisoned his mind"; but he is not expected to discard them when he discovers the way in which they have imposed on him or compromised him. In fact, there is nothing more striking or more convenient in the relations of the Good Man and the Wicked Partner than the exemption of the Good Man from the necessity of forming any moral

judgment about the Wicked Partner's acts and expressing it in separation from him. On the contrary, he accepts his guilty practices as natural products of his character, for which he (the Wicked Partner) is no more responsible than for his complexion.

In the last Presidential canvass both candidates appear to have had Wicked Partners. Mr. Tilden was foolish enough to retain his in his house and keep in active intercourse with them, which was the more unfortunate as his own reputation as a Good Man did not stand high. Mr. Hayes, on the contrary, was lucky enough to have had his established in the Departments at Washington at a considerable distance from him, and they were men who had nothing to learn from him in the arts of circumventing the enemy, even if he had been himself a master of intrigue. They had, too, in dealing with the Returning Boards, the immense advantage and prestige of official position, and they have, in the thoroughly effective manner in which they have concealed or destroyed all records of their negotiations, displayed a skill and efficiency to which Tilden's agents evidently can lay no claim. We ought to add that they are not boastful, however, about their virtue. We have watched closely of late to see whether any declaration would emanate from them testifying to the purity of their telegrams in the winter of 1876; but they are careful to produce nothing of the kind. What they say is, that nothing improper will be found in the telegrams which can be traced to Mr. Hayes's house or relatives, which is doubtless perfectly true. But we think it ought to be said for Tilden that if he could have had one of the Departments at Washington for his headquarters he would probably have kept Pelton and the other wicked young men down there, and thus have preserved the Gramercy Park atmosphere perfectly pure.

It is of course well to have Tilden's Partners found out, but what most concerns the American people in this matter is that everybody guilty of these practices in both parties should be found out. It is not enough to drive out of public life the Democrats who indulge in them; the Republicans, if such there be who do so, are just as dangerous, and for this reason it is to be hoped that thoughtful men will not allow the present exposure to serve no better purpose than that of a "campaign story," useful for the next election and then forgotten. Every man active in working on the Returning Boards two years ago ought to be asked for his correspondence. In other words, the cause of political purification calls for the production of the Republican telegrams as well as of those of the Democrats. We want to know, in short, not only whether Tilden's friends were guilty of fraud, or attempts at fraud, but whether they were beaten in a game of fraud by abler tricksters than themselves.

THE POSITION OF LEO XIII.

THE Pope's letter to Cardinal Nina, the new Secretary of State who has succeeded Cardinal Franchi, of which we spoke last week, and of which the full text has now reached this country, has excited some sensation in Europe by showing that Leo XIII. is, contrary to the general expectation, determined to keep up the old quarrel with Italy, so sedulously maintained by his predecessor, and this in conjunction with an apparently strong desire to live at peace with the rest of the world. The letter, after a tribute to Cardinal Franchi's memory, opens with the usual lamentation over the condition of modern society. It deploras "the decline of the truth, not only supernatural as shown by faith, but natural also, whether speculative or practical; the prevalence of fatal errors, and the grave dangers which threaten society because of the ever-increasing disorders which disturb it," and ascribes all this "ruin" to the "proclaimed separation and attempted apostasy of society from Christ and his Church." It declares, moreover, that the only true preventive of "this intellectual and moral decay" is to be found in the Church. This lamentation is now very familiar to all readers of Papal state papers. In the time of Pius IX. it was uttered in language so extravagant as to have the air of a dirge rather than of a description of a state of things, and from him, therefore, for many years before his death the world had ceased to expect anything in the nature of a practical suggestion

of a remedy. But it was hoped that the present Pope, as a man of staid temper than his predecessor, and as one who had lived in closer contact with modern society than Pius IX. had allowed himself to do after 1849, would, besides mourning over the degeneracy of the times and proclaiming the insufficiency of the Church as a regenerator of society, point out some new mode in which the influence of the Church could be brought to bear. Most Catholic divines of the Ultramontane School maintain that Europe underwent a great moral and religious deterioration after the Reformation, and that the process of decline was hastened by the French Revolution, and has continued steadily ever since, and that the world is now in a worse condition than it has been for one thousand years, and that the Church has afforded during all that period, and does now afford, the only means of saving society from total ruin. If this claim were made for any human institution, under the circumstances, it would be taken as tantamount to an admission that the institution had proved a failure; that is to say, if we maintained that monarchy, for example, was the only means by which civilization could be upheld, and at the same time admitted that civilization under monarchy was steadily declining, we should be rightfully accused of conceding that the support of civilization was hopeless, and monarchy had not fulfilled its mission. But this flaw in their sermons does not appear to be noticed by the Roman theologians. It may be that if modern society would go back into the Church it might be regenerated, but unwillingness to go back is a leading symptom of the disease of which it is perishing, and how to treat this the Pope never tells us in plain terms. In all the encyclicals there appears in the background a vague and shadowy suggestion that something might be done to meet the case by the governments of our day, but as the governments of the day are but expressions of the popular will, this, even if it be put in plainer terms, does nothing towards a solution of the problem. Granting that a vigorous use of the arm of flesh would extirpate error, both supernatural and natural, as long as the heretics are in possession of the arm of flesh the suggestion opens no way out of the difficulty. The problem which the Church has to solve is to get people once more to acknowledge her claims, in the form in which she puts them forward, to divine authority. How this is to be done no Pope nowadays tells us, or, indeed, pretends to know.

The sadness of the strain in which the Pope speaks of the condition of human society is made the more striking not only by the account he gives of the perfection of the instrument provided for its salvation, but by the contrast it presents to the cheerfulness with which the various Protestant sects dwell on their own achievements and prospects. At all their anniversaries and congresses not only is the most glowing account given of the work they have accomplished, but the brightest pictures are drawn of what they expect to accomplish within a very short period, and the fullest confidence is expressed in their ability to do for society whatever religious organizations can be expected to do. Yet anybody who is influenced by statistics must admit that, as compared with the progress made by the Roman Church in wealth and numbers and in area, they have nothing to boast of. No church is doing any better than the Church of Rome in increasing the number of its adherents and of its places of worship, and in adding to its revenues and its missions. The reason why the Popes are so much more despondent in their talk than the Protestants is, therefore, that they cannot bring themselves to accept the fact which has been staring them in the face ever since the Reformation, and which is now more patent than ever—the fact that, whatever the theory may be, Christendom and the Catholic Church are not synonymous terms. The Pope will have it that everybody is either a good Catholic or a bad one—that is, a person who belongs to the Church or has strayed away from it; and, looking at the world from this point of view, of course the spectacle it presents is most gloomy. If he would accept Protestantism and scepticism as he accepts disease and death—that is, as great evils, to be fought against but never wholly avoided—his encyclicals might be made veritable psalms, because he might every year chronicle undeniable successes.

The same unwillingness to accept the inevitable and recognize the actual is keeping him in hot water with Italy. There is probably nobody in the world not blinded by fanaticism who supposes that the temporal power will ever be restored. There is not a single reason, of those by which the course of human affairs can be forecast, for believing that the Pope will ever again reign at Rome as a prince of this world. Every force of our time fights against any such consummation. The very account which His Holiness himself gives of the origin and mission of the Church makes ludicrous the proposition which he maintains in the same breath—that this august, not to say awful, institution, by which alone mankind can be saved, cannot possibly work unless the Vicegerent of Christ is allowed to police the city of Rome; that, in spite of the tremendous nature of his functions, he cannot exercise them properly as long as the Protestants have “temples” and schools open near his residence. It is quite certain, however, that this curious contradiction, this almost childish attempt to live by two mutually destructive theories, cannot last much longer. The Pope, like everybody else, will have to accept the facts of life and base his policy on them. He will have to acknowledge that he can put up with “temples” in Rome, just as effectively as Cardinal McCloskey can put up with them in New York, and that the true mission of the Church is not to close Protestant places of worship, but to banish from men's hearts the desire of frequenting them. That he is making some progress in this direction is shown by the respectful terms in which Leo XIII., in the letter before us, speaks of the German Emperor, and the prospect of coming to an understanding with him about the position of the Church in his dominions. In fact, it would seem as if the Italian Government was the only one with which the Papacy was now unwilling to make friends. This last remnant of worldly animosity will probably disappear before very long under the pressure of coarse pecuniary necessity. The supply of “Peter's pence” is, according to all the late accounts, falling very low, and the Papal revenues will probably soon be wholly inadequate to the expenses. Doubtless before that point is reached a way will be found, consistent with the Church's traditions and dignity, to accept the magnificent annual allowance provided by the Italian Parliament, and which Pius IX. always refused to touch. In default of any better excuse, surely the desirableness of rescuing so much good money from profane hands and sinful uses would suffice.

THE HUNGARIAN “STRIKE.”

PARIS, October 4, 1878.

THE satisfaction created by the Peace of Berlin has not been of very long duration, and a feeling of uneasiness has again entered the political world of Europe. There are black spots on our sky. We have in Europe the black spots of Bosnia and Hungary, and in Asia there is the black spot of Cabul. (This expression of “point noir” was used by M. Rouher after the victory of Sadowa, and has now become almost proverbial.)

The behavior of Count Andrassy during the late crisis in the East is very well explained when it is admitted that he had all along some sort of understanding with the German and Russian Chancellors. The part which was given to Austria was easy enough at first. Count Andrassy had to preserve a perfect neutrality and to damp the ardor of the Hungarians, who were inclined towards the cause of Turkey. This part has become more difficult since the peace was signed, as Austria has accepted, as a sort of public duty, the obligation to occupy militarily the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. First of all, it is difficult to define the character of this occupation; is it to be really an occupation, or is it to be an annexation? If it is a mere occupation, what are its objects, and for what purpose will Austria spend large sums of money? If it is to be an annexation, at what time and under what pretext will the word annexation be pronounced? Turkey, which has all along followed a sort of suicidal policy, is making every possible objection to a military convention; but it may be that she is not alone adverse to such a convention, and that Count Andrassy is not unwilling to keep the hands of Austria as free as possible.

The definition of the occupation has so far remained absolutely vague, but the fact of the occupation itself has been very different from what

was expected. The insurrections against Turkey began in Herzegovina; the match of Herzegovina set fire in succession to Servia, to Bulgaria; it was thought that Austria would enter Herzegovina and Bosnia without any difficulty. It has not been so; the Austrian army has gone through a real campaign. It must be remembered that the Bosniac landlords are the descendants of the only Christians who accepted the turban and renounced the Christian faith, three centuries ago, in order to preserve their possessions. These Bosniac chieftains, who live now very much in the same fashion as their fathers, are great fanatics, as most renegades always are. They have always oppressed the Christian Slavs who live in Bosnia. They were the ruling race, and they made a stout defence when the Austrian armies appeared. They were not supported by the Porte; they fought for their own independence, their own privileges, and their old supremacy. They are conquered; they could not resist a well-organized army; but Austria, having entered Bosnia by force, can well say that she holds it by right of conquest, and that she has a new title, better than an article of the Treaty of Berlin. It is obvious that the Austrian Government has not made enormous sacrifices in order to make a military promenade; the occupation of Bosnia is something different from an autumn manoeuvre. So it is felt in Vienna, and so it is felt at Pesth. At the very moment when the Austrian army had achieved its success the Hungarians placed themselves, as it were, in a state of moral insurrection against the victory of the Empire; the Ministry has just resigned; the Minister of Finance says that Hungary can make no new sacrifices for the occupation of Bosnia. I doubt if ever a more extraordinary spectacle was presented to the world than this *strike* of Hungary. Here is an Empire divided into two parts, but with a central government; the central government enters upon a campaign, occupies a province, makes a conquest (to call things by their real name), and one part of the Empire rises and says: “We will not keep this conquest; we refuse our men, we refuse our money.”

The defects of the dualistic system, invented after Sadowa, have never been as apparent as in this crisis; in fact, if the Hungarians are in earnest, the Empire of Austria is almost threatened with dissolution. The conduct of Hungary, if she refused her co-operation in what must be considered as an imperial question, is tantamount to secession. This conduct can hardly be judged severely enough, if you remember that the situation of Hungary is really a privileged one. The Magyars have an influence in Transleithania which is not in proportion to their numbers. They are the ruling race, but they cannot expect that Cis-leithania, that German Austria, backed by the huge body of Germany, will give way to them as easily as the Croats, the Dalmatians, and others. The real tie, the only tie of unity in Austria, is the dynasty, which has a very strong hold on all the races and populations of the Empire. In any question on which the Emperor can make a direct and distinct appeal to the people he will carry the majority with him. If Francis Joseph denounces the Magyars in the name of the army, as those who would rob the army of its victory and render its sacrifices worthless, he will carry with him the greatest number of his subjects; and no question of parliamentary government, of ministerial responsibility, will stay long between him and the people. Hungary has just had a general election, and it is undeniable that the present cabinet, which has just resigned, had the majority in the House. But why did it resign? Was it in order to obey the dictates of the popular meetings at Pesth—meetings at which the Socialists and Internationalists appeared, and on whose platform could be seen a Frankel, a member of the Commune of Paris?

Notwithstanding the great agitation in Hungary, there is much hope that the general policy of the Austrian Empire will not be materially affected by its consequences, and that Austria will be allowed to play to the end the important part which was marked out for her by the will of Europe. If Pan-Slavism, the bugbear of Europe, is not to overrun completely the ancient provinces of Turkey, if its influence can be neutralized in Bohemia, in Croatia, in Dalmatia, it will be and it can only be by the formation of a strong Slavic party in the Austrian Empire; it will, after all, be better for the Slavic Bosnians to live under the mild and constitutional government of Austria than under the absolute rule of a Pasha. The Congress of Berlin has effected a sort of division of the Slavic populations of Turkey, leaving some of them under the influence of Russia and some others under the influence of Austria. There is little doubt that Prince Bismarck felt the necessity of giving some occupation to the Austrian Empire, pressed as it is now on all sides by the northern Empire. Austria cannot extend or expand herself in any other direction but the peninsula of the Balkans, and it is necessary for every great country to have a natural field of expansion.

The difficulties in the final settlement of such arduous questions are not in the diplomats nor in the dynasties, but in the popular passions constantly fed by a sensational and irresponsible press. Notwithstanding all that has been said, I believe that the three Chancellors of Germany, of Austria, and of Russia have made constant efforts to help each other; the three Imperial dynasties have forgotten past injuries, and are sincerely anxious to preserve friendly relations. The leaders of the three empires, the *shepherds of men*, as Homer said, understand that the smaller questions of politics are getting lost in some new and terrible social problems; Nobiling echoes the Nihilists, the German Socialists take Vera Zassulitch into their ranks. There is a new and vast league formed with unknown oaths and secret rules, an organization destructive of all nationality, equally hostile to church and state. The sovereigns feel that they are on a soil which might at any moment be shaken by an earthquake. It is natural that the instinct of self-preservation should draw all governments together; that the great organized forces, the armies, should not waste their strength in useless wars; that diplomacy should try to make such settlement of the pending questions as would give breathing-time to all the governments. The Treaty of Berlin was a great effort in the right direction; its execution will be found difficult even in Europe, but if the three empires remain united in a common desire for peace, these difficulties will not be found insurmountable. The Hungarian question is very ominous, but if the central Government of Vienna is firm, the Hungarians will not be so foolish as to recommence the events of 1848. There is a victorious army in Bosnia all ready to re-establish order at Pesth if necessary; there is no chance of any alliance for an independent Hungary. A rash behavior would deprive the Magyars of all the advantages which they have been allowed to enjoy since Sadowa. The Magyars are very excitable and ardent, but they are shrewd, and they will in all probability not continue long their present strike.

We have, alas! another *point noir* on the confines of the Indian Empire. The Afghanistan affair, coming after the Eastern war, is like one of those shots that are heard after the battle is ended. The Amir of Cabul comes too late on the field; he is found exceedingly inconvenient, and may prove more so in the future. At the first announcement of his rude answer to Sir Neville Chamberlain it was thought that Russia and England would come to blows; on second thought, Russia has not been made, at least directly, responsible for the conduct of the Amir. There is an evident desire to "localize" the question of Afghanistan and to reduce it to the smallest possible proportions. It is to be a question between Shir Ali and Lord Lytton, the vice-emperor of India. The winter will be spent in military arrangements, and a new Afghanistan war may begin next spring. The war of 1839 did not end so well that there should not be some uneasiness felt about the result of a campaign in that country; but the Indian Government has now means which it did not have in 1839, and if the war is made in earnest Shir Ali has not the slightest chance of resisting successfully the advance of English troops. He will probably try not to be brought to the extremity of war, and the Indian Government will do well to make a reconciliation easy. After all, the mission of Sir Neville Chamberlain was a very extraordinary one; a thousand men were too many for a diplomatic mission and too few for an army. If the Amir is not encouraged by Russia, he will certainly come to an understanding with the Indian Government; and why should Russia intrigue against England in Afghanistan? It was conceivable before the Treaty of Berlin was signed; now Russia's plain policy is to stand by the Treaty and to wait quietly till England has accomplished all she has undertaken to do in Asia.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—XII.

SPECIAL EXPOSITION OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

OCTOBER 5, 1878.

THE interesting building too briefly described in the second of these letters (the *Nation* for August 29), and which stands in the very centre of the immense building of the Champ-de-Mars, is entirely devoted to the exposition of Paris itself and of the "Department of the Seine" continuous with the city. Not of the private industries and private interests which have their being within the city limits—it is the city and the Department in their own corporate entity that fill this building two hundred and fifty feet long; fill it full, too, so that when the afternoon visitors have arrived it is as crowded a place, and as disagreeable to get about, as any in the Exhibition. What fills it, then? Well, Paris is "run" on a different system from an American city, and each department of the government and administration is so organized

and systematized, so proud of what it has to show, and with so much to show, that they could have filled still more space if they had had it. As it is, the display flows over, out of doors, fills the long open galleries fronting on the Rue de France and the Rue des Nations, and dots the little parks at the ends of the building with the larger groups of statuary in bronze.

Of the statuary alone there are seventy numbers in the special catalogue; and a majority of the statues and groups are of large size, naturally, as being ordered or purchased for the exteriors of public buildings or for the adornment of public places. Two or three are ancient works—that is, not of this generation; such are two statues of Strength and Hope from the ancient Gate St. Antoine, where the Bastille stood and the gate together until 1789; these are the work of Simon Guillain, who died in 1686. More recent are several of the portrait statues of former prefects of the Seine, taken down, since the conflagration of 1871, from the old Hôtel de Ville, scarred and defaced by fire and by water. But the greater number are by the sculptors who are now at work, the men named in the third and fourth of these letters and those who have not yet been named. M. Albert Lefevre has a St. Paul destined to form part of the church of Clamart, near Paris; M. Falguière has two angels belonging to the choir of St. Francis Xavier; M. Mercier's "Gloria Victis" has been described in a former letter. The famous sculptor, H. M. A. Chapu, is represented here by the monument to the great advocate and liberal, Berryer, and by three statues besides. What is good in his work and what is not so good is made manifest in this collection, and it would be adequate as an exhibition of his art were it not for the Schneider-Creuzot monument in another part of the grounds, which is perhaps the best thing of his that one can find anywhere. Of that hereafter; of the Berryer monument it must be said that it fails to charm—fails to give pleasure. It is "magistral," dignified, imposing in mass; the group of the orator on his pedestal between Eloquence and Fidelity, all three colossal and with a considerable substructure of architectural character, intended to be set up in the new "Salle des Pas Perdus" of the Palace of Justice, cannot be called unworthy of the place and the occasion; and the statues are not noticeably poor, not weak, not affected in gesture and pose nor feeble in modelling, but yet the whole is cold and gives no delight. The exact character of M. Chapu's work, the reasons for its general acceptance by the French and the fame of its author, while it seems to the student from abroad so cold and repellant, must be discussed at another time, if at all, for Paris sends other things than sculpture to this Exposition. M. Dam's very lovely "Fugit Amor" must be named; this is a bronze group of life-size, the winged Love just rising into the air and about to quit the girl whose lingering caress tries to detain the god. And besides the larger sculptures there is a certain small display of commemorative medals of which mention should be made; but it is better that these be compared with the much larger collection in the alcoves of French coinage and gem and medal sculpture, for no record of the Exhibition of 1878 will be complete that does not include a fit description of that manifestation of art.

The City of Paris has some pictures to show as well, many, perhaps most, of them religious in subject and in destination—the adornments of churches in bygone times, or intended for those whose ceilings and walls yet lack their painted splendors. There is a large Le Sueur from St. Étienne-du-Mont, and a Le Nain still larger brought from the same church; of more recent artists' work there is a very interesting cartoon for glass by Hippolyte Flandrin, a picture of Delacroix, and a very large and famous Delaroche, "Les Vainqueurs de la Bastille," ordered for the old Hôtel de Ville, but never, fortunately, delivered and put up there. Fifty pictures are "ancient" in the sense of being the work of men not of the present day. A hundred and twenty-five more are by living artists, and most of these latter seem to be men who make it rather a specialty to paint deeds of saints for churches or allegories of marriage for new *mairies*. There is an official school of painting, as may well be supposed. But, indeed, the more able and independent men may prefer to send their works to the general galleries without; thus the biggest piece of church-painting in the exhibition is Cabanel's "Life of St. Louis" for the Pantheon (St. Geneviève), and this is in the general collection of French painting. The canvases which are grouped in the Paris Pavilion are not, taken together, of the first order for artistic merit or for immediate interest to the beholder; they have a perfunctory look; yet one dreads to be unjust in estimating them without their destined future surroundings.

There are five or six score line engravings and etchings, none of which are of great individual importance. These and a large number of photo-

graphs in revolving cases are chiefly taken from paintings belonging to civic buildings. What becomes of the editions printed of them, over and above the few given to strangers of distinction and to different museums and libraries about France? Are they sold, like the publications of the *Chalcographie du Louvre*? They don't look tempting; one etching by M. Teyssonière is the only print that strikes one, and the photographs lose what small value the original paintings (official, and of the second rank) may perhaps have possessed.

But the "Service des Travaux Historiques," under the charge of M. Tisserand as inspector and M. Vacquer as architect, is a delightful thing to one in whom the historical spirit is at all active. Here is first a collection of the books, published or publishing, relating to old Paris, its topography, its antiquities, its ancient libraries, its early historians. Next, mounted on huge stretchers, come specimen plates of the General History of Paris, of which only the introductory volume has yet been published—splendid plates of buildings long destroyed, copied from contemporary documents, or reproduced from illuminations in manuscripts; then the different ancient plans of Paris which still exist—from the "Tapisserie," in a photograph of the precious original burned in 1871, to the great Atlas of Verniquet issued in 1790; then measured plans of Gaulish and Roman foundations uncovered of late in Paris, and of relics of Gothic buildings long hidden beneath and within later structures; and, finally, specimens of another unfinished work, the 'General Inventory of the Art-Riches of Paris.' With these results of investigation must be compared the raw material itself in half a dozen large show-cases: ancient pottery of several epochs and styles, arms, coins, and splendid Roman and Gallo-Roman glass—a little museum of the classical antiquity of *Lutetia Parisiorum*. This, altogether, is a most interesting corner.

With all this archaeology and research contrast the labors of the architects of to-day. Paris is rebuilding her ruined palaces one by one, and not the less for that is she adorning herself with theatres, civic buildings, new fronts on new boulevards, and new churches to replace old and inferior buildings. The Hôtel de Ville, burned by the social reformers of 1871, is to be rebuilt; in fact, there is a forest of scaffold-poles already stretching from the Rue de Rivoli to the quay. MM. Ballu and Deperrès are charged with the work, and it is to be pushed on to completion. In this Exhibition are the drawings for the new edifice, a nearly complete set—photographs of the old building in its perfect state and in ruins—and an enormous model in plaster of the proposed new structure. There are many more of these elaborate models of new or proposed buildings; let this one be described briefly, as being the most important of all. It is on the scale of two centimetres per metre, which, American architects will observe, is almost exactly the same as their favorite scale of quarter of an inch to a foot. It is very elaborate and careful, the sculptured ornaments and the life-size and colossal statues of the front very delicately and skilfully modelled in miniature, and all the surroundings, such as the lamp-posts and brackets, the metal gates and "grilles," the garden-seats within the enclosure, and the weathercocks on the roof, are complete and daintily finished in appropriate material. In such cases as this the French have the strange habit of employing a competent sculptor—somebody of repute and ambition. M. Villemillot is the artist in this instance—a sculptor who has received the cross of the Legion of Honor, though perhaps not for his art, as he does not appear on the list in the Salon Catalogue. It is not to be supposed that this minute finish and elaborate workmanship are thrown away. The delicacy of the architectural and sculptured detail has the obvious advantage of enabling architects and committees of direction to judge their work beforehand, in its parts as well as its *ensemble*; and as for the apparently childish accessories of toy lamp-posts and settles, they are of value as helping to fix the scale of the monument and to produce on the spectator, after a few moments' contemplation, an illusion which may greatly help him to judge the design aright. This design—how the lover of old Paris rejoices to see that the old central edifice, the Hôtel de Ville of Henri II. and Henri IV., is to be reproduced! In the instructions to competing architects this was not insisted on, and we feared that the picturesque old front would never be seen again in stone and lime. But it is to be; and the Paris architects can be trusted to reproduce such a monument with great fidelity, when that is the programme.

There is an immense collection of architectural exhibits, models, drawings, engravings and books of engravings, photographs and books of photographs, the civic and ecclesiastical work in and about Paris for the past ten years. There are about a hundred numbers, representing perhaps three times as many objects and the work of forty different

architects; and not included in the above estimate there are a variety of models of school interiors, with furniture and fittings complete.

The great department called "Service de la Voie Publique"—Street Department, in short—which includes within itself a number of "services" which have little in common with the streets, and some refinements which would rather astonish a New York Street Commissioner—this department makes a wonderful show of itself, its structures, machines, discipline, and organization. Here are models on an enormous scale of the sewers of different sizes and kinds, the models in this case built of the actual materials used in the actual way, with the railways and working models of the little cars used in them and of the boats which float in the largest sewers. The system, now thoroughly carried out in all its details, by which all the sewage of Paris is carried to the Seine at Clichy, far below the city, below even the Bois de Boulogne, so that you can swim in the river anywhere, ride your horses into it, or fish in it with the chance of catching something—this great network of sewers, so accessible and traversable that rumor ascribes to the late Emperor and his "pals" the intention of using them as military roads in the case of popular dissatisfaction—all this is made so clear to the student that he can escape the regulation journey through them, if he will. Here are immense plans of the water-supply of Paris, as it was anciently at different epochs, and as it is now, together with large-scale drawings of new aqueduct buildings and models of some of the more important. Models of the two or three newest bridges over the Seine are also to be seen: of which bridges the very latest built is the little "Pont de Passy" just below the Exhibition grounds—a foot-bridge made necessary by the taking into the enclosure of the Pont de Jéna, but which will remain as an added convenience.

Enormous plans, plans in relief and bird's-eye views of different cemeteries and parks, of the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, hang under the shelter of the outside verandas. Specimens of every sort of paving and flagging, roadways and sidewalks, with elaborate tables setting forth the results of wear on each one of them; plans of street railways, with models of rails and cars (though there's nothing to show why the cars can't stop, as those of Yankee street railroads do, to receive and set down passengers, nor why the public should be bullied as it is by drivers and conductors, and made miserable by the tooting of cacophonous tin horns); drawings and models of all the different kinds of kiosks and illuminated pavilion used along the boulevards and wider streets, and, finally, plans, views, statistics, and specimens of the establishments of horticulture and arboriculture—all go to make up such a museum of city life as the round world cannot match elsewhere. And the crowning feature, in popular estimation, is the huge model of "the meeting of two ways, a boulevard and a wide street, with the sidewalks, water-hydrants, and sewer-culverts, the paving, rails of tramway, grass-plots and trees, seats, system of lighting, office of cabs, advertising column [illuminated from within], urinoir, and kiosk of news-vender." This affair shows a piece cut right out of Paris and seen through a diminishing-glass. Here are the houses, split right down through floors and roof, showing how water and gas are laid on and how sewage is carried off; under the street-level yawn the open sewers, and the water and gas mains are there, supported by posts within the sewers or bedded in the soil; there, too, is the ingenious system by which parts of each house can be entered from the sewers through an iron grate used only for that service, and the clever invention which prevents the flooding of cellars in the worst cases of "set-back." The thing is complete, even to the gas-meter of each house, in a handy place for consultation, and the waste-pipe from every bath-tub, traceable from bath-room to drain-pipe under ground.

R. S.

IN SCOTLAND.—II.

EDINBURGH, September 30, 1878.

THERE are two things in England in regard to which I think it safe to say that a stranger, however familiar he may become with English life, remains always a stranger—always uninitiated, profane, and even more or less indifferent. One of these matters is—with all respect be it written—the internal dissensions and perplexities of the Anglican Church. This remarkable body strikes the pure outsider so much more as a social than as a religious institution that he feels inclined to say to himself that these are purely local and national mysteries, and that, so far as he is concerned, they may be left to take care of themselves. The other point is the great British passion for sport—the deepest and most general of all British passions. This, in England, is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. A person from another country may have a lively

enjoyment of riding, shooting, rowing; but in face of the tremendous cohesiveness of the sporting interest in England he feels that to care for such things as these people do, one must be to the manner born. It will seem to him at times that they care too much, and he will, perhaps, embark upon that interesting line of enquiry, at what particular point the love of physical exercise becomes stultifying. It behooves him to remember, however, that there is one particular way in which the sporting interest in England is humanizing. It is the subject on which the greatest number of Englishmen, at a given moment, can feel together; it is the thing which, as M. Thiers said of the French Republic, divides them least. It serves as a bond of union, as a patch of common ground, in a country extraordinarily cut up by social distinctions; it introduces the heaven of democracy into the most aristocratically constituted society in the world. On the receipt of the latest intelligence from Newmarket a "cad" may feel very much like a lord; I won't, indeed, go so far as to say that a lord may feel like a cad.

What I intended especially to say was that a fortnight spent in Scotland is to the alien mind a kind of revelation of the part allotted to physical recreation in a well-arranged English life. It is very true that I am unable to add that in this particular case the democratic bearings of the fact are noticeable. Scotland, for the late summer and autumn, becomes an immense "shooting." It is excellently arranged for the purpose, and its purple moors and heathery hillsides resolve themselves into the last luxury of a supremely luxurious class. This is the real identity of the various elements of the beautiful Scottish scenery. The uninitiated eye sees nothing but a lovely purple mountain or a blushing moor, adorned with the advantages of aerial perspective. But in its essential and individual character such a piece of landscape is Mr. So-and-So's deer-forest (a deer-forest by no means implies trees) or Lord Such-a-One's provision of grouse. There is something very singular in the part played by Scotland nowadays—the small number of proprietors of the territory, the immense extent of the estates, and the fact that these exist almost wholly for purposes of recreation. I spoke the other day of a Scotchman's just grounds for national pride; but it is fair to add that just here this tendency might perhaps encounter an obstacle. It seems to me that if I were a fervid Caledonian I should find something irritating, and even mortifying, in the sight of my beautiful little country parcelled out, on so immense a scale, into playgrounds for English millionaires. Was it for this that my ancestors bled with Wallace or flocked about Bruce? Doubtless, however, this is an idle line of speculation, for the moors and hillsides are apparently better for playgrounds than for anything else, and if the Sassenach has money to pay for them it is hard to see how he is to be prevented. In the south of Scotland (in Dumfriesshire) a friend with whom I was walking led me up to a hilltop and showed me a remarkable view. The country seemed of immense extent—it consisted of innumerable grassy sheepdowns—and the blue horizon looked ever so far away. The afternoon light was slanting over the long undulations and dying away in the distance; the whole region looked like a little kingdom. "It's all the Duke's," said my friend—"this, twenty miles away, and ever so much besides." In every Scotch or English county there is a personage known as "the Duke" *par excellence*. This fortunate mortal, in the present case, was the Duke of Buccleuch, upon whose remarkable merits as a landlord my companion proceeded to expatiate. What I saw of the Duke's kingdom seemed an admirable grazing country; but elsewhere my observation was confined to picturesque expanses of rock-scattered heath. Even if they were keeping a superior sort of exploitation at bay, it would be hard, from their own point of view, to blame the deer-stalking and grouse-shooting gentry. I speak not even from the point of view of a sportsman, but simply from that of an unarmed promenader stepping across the elastic heather on a brilliant September morning. On such an occasion the admirable freshness of the Scotch air, the glory of the light and color, the absence from the landscape of economical suggestions, appear to be equal parts of one's entertainment.

This absence of economical suggestions does not in the least mean, however, that the happy residents on a Scotch moor are obliged to rough it. The English, who arrange their lives everywhere so well, arrange them nowhere better than in Scotland. It is indeed, in many cases, simply Mayfair among the heather. From the point of view of a purely Wordsworthian love of nature, a shooting-lodge with ball-room may appear an anomaly; but I encountered this phenomenon in the midst of a Scotch deer-forest. The ball-room, too, was in full operation, and the national dance—the Highland reel—in course of performance. The ladies and gentlemen engaged in this choreographic revel were by no means

all, or even preponderantly, native—a fact which may account for the vivacity of their movements, inasmuch as we know that proselytes are always more violent than the natural heirs of a tradition. Apart, however, from its suggesting that the Highland kilt is an odd sort of garment for ceremonial purposes and the sanctity of the English after-dinner period, the Scotch reel, with its leavings and hootings, its liftings of the leg and brandishings of the arm, is a very pretty country-house frolic. A stranger, looking for local color in everything, finds a great deal of it here; and he pays a compliment, moreover, to the muscular resources and good spirits of those young Englishmen who can dance till three o'clock in the morning after tramping over the moors all day with a gun. Like a good many other things, the reel has doubtless suffered by the conversion of the Highlanders into an adjunct of Piccadilly. Among the things that have suffered, I believe, are the old Highland sports, from which it was intimated to me that the good faith and the ancient cunning had departed. Though it was further intimated to me that one must be a deplorable cockney to be still taken in by them, I ventured to find a great deal of entertainment in what I saw of them. There was certainly one occasion with which it was impossible not to be charmed, including as it did a capital collation under a graceful marquee, not at all crowded, on the edge of a great green meadow that was circled about with hills. Through the front of the tent, largely looped up, one saw the bright-colored little crowd sitting about on the grass, and in the midst, on a platform, a series of Highlanders, one by one, with their great tartans flying, jumping about in the figures of the sword-dance. And then there were leaping and tugging and hurdle-racing and a little tournament of bag-pipes. The lively drone of this instrument came in from the distance with the summer breeze; far away, as an undertone to agreeable talk, it was not unpleasant. I was annoyed at being told the Highlanders were "cads"; and indeed, on a nearer view, they had a rather faded and histrionic look. But if the play was a comedy, it was a very successful one.

There are some other old Scottish institutions which have retained their vitality and are apparently in very good repair. The Caledonian "Saw-bath," I believe, still flourishes, and I am told that in Edinburgh and Aberdeen it may be observed in high perfection. I had a glimpse of it only in the country, where it was mitigated by the charming scenery, which remained persistently and profanely bright. But it was very ugly; it was grotesquely ugly. There was a horrible little kirk on a windy hillside, equally naked without and within—except, indeed, as regards such internal warmth as was supplied by the deportment of a rustic congregation listening in almost voracious silence and immobility to a doctrine addressed to violent theological appetites. My host had recommended me to attend this service (which was an excellent example of grim Presbyterianism) for local color's sake; and certainly the little exhibition was very complete. The strange compound produced in the sermon by the profusion of Jewish names and of Scotch accents; the air of doctrinal vigilance on the part of the cautious, dry-faced auditory; the crude, nasal singing; the rapid dispersal afterwards, over the stony hillsides to their rugged little cottages, of a congregation for which this occasion represented the imaginative side of life, as if the native granite had given it out and had immediately reabsorbed it—all this had at least a character of its own.

Old Scotland survives, however, fortunately, in more graceful forms than this. There is one advantage which European life will long have over American—the opportunity that it affords for going to picnic in the shadow of ancient castles. Given one of these Franco-Scottish fortified dwellings which sprang up so thickly under the influence of that long union between Scotland and France which was produced by their having an enemy in common; given, moreover, one of those admirable English lunch-hampers which, as it exposes its ingenious receptacles to view, the passing stranger pauses to admire in the shop-windows of Piccadilly; given in connection with this instrument a British butler's punctual performance of familiar duties; given, finally, a stretch of greensward, a group of bushes, a peeping above them of grey old towers and battlements, a charming company, and you have the elements of one of the most agreeable episodes of a sojourn beyond the Tweed. Some of the old foreign-looking Scotch castles are admirable; there are very few of them that would not seem very much more in their proper place in France or Germany than in Scotland. The Scotch nobility, before the son of Mary Stuart came to the English throne, must have been intensely Gallicized; the taste for French forms is visible in every detail of their domestic architecture. The old *poivrière*—the "pepper-pot" turret—is almost universal, and the very material of the edifice is Continental. In England

it is a very rare thing to find an old manor-house covered with stucco or untimbered plaster; it is almost invariably of honest brick or stone. There is plenty of stucco in English street-architecture, but our own ingenious period must have the credit of it. In Scotland it abounds on the tall sides of the old domiciliary fortresses. One of these interesting monuments struck me as more than French—it was absolutely Italian. On its roof, in the midst of its gables and turrets, it had a couple of balustraded loggias, such as you see in very old Italian villas; and the resemblance was carried out by the large, windowless expanses of grey, rugged, sun-baked plaster on the walls. There is something decidedly Continental, too, in the older portions of the Scotch towns. I except the granitic Aberdeen and the industrial Glasgow; but nothing is less recognizably British than the high-piled, unconventional Edinburgh. The other evening, at Stirling, taking a stroll at hazard, I encountered a *port-cochère*.

Correspondence.

THE RECENT POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It will only be fair to Canada to permit in your columns such brief review of some leading causes of the recent "political revolution" as will demonstrate the unsoundness of certain opinions in the letter of Mr. Goldwin Smith (*Nation*, No. 692), and the unsoundness of the conclusion that the Canadians are so much the nearer to annexation, or to a commercial union with the United States that would necessarily in its tariff arrangements be antagonistic to our trade with Great Britain.

Undoubtedly the great issue, the "burning question," was Protection *v.* Revenue Tariff; whether the tariff should be based on revenue requirements (affording such incidental protection to native industries as might be considered advisable), or whether the principle of Protection pure and simple should be engrafted thereupon and become the central idea. The Liberal administration took the stand that the present 17½ per cent. tariff (on the leading lines of manufactured goods—it is less on grain and other produce) afforded, in the main, adequate protection, with distance, freights, and other charges taken into account, and that any considerable increase would diminish or destroy revenue, and oppress the large consuming class while enriching a few capitalists.

The Tories, on the other hand, advocated an increase in the tariff, or a "readjustment," or a "reciprocity of tariffs" with the United States. Their leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, with prominent members of his party, addressed public meetings or "political picnic parties" in various parts of the country during the past three summers, and the burden of their appeals and arguments on these occasions was "Canada for the Canadians"; "the United States should be dealt with as they deal with us"; "we will do to you [the Americans] as you do to us"; and the changes were rung upon the injustice done to Canada by the American tariff. The leading articles of the two tariffs were presented side by side in the Tory newspapers, and the Canadian artisan, mechanic, and farmer were asked if it was fair to let Americans impose on Canadian productions duties ranging from 30 to 85 per cent., while we allowed the Yankees to come in "by paying" from 5 to 17½ per cent. This appeal to selfish and natural resentment, aided by the "hard times," told most effectively, and, all over the country, electors unthinkingly voted to hit back at the Yankees, regardless as to whether the operation would redound to their own injury. Sir John Macdonald repeated with much gusto Caning's rhyming despatch to The Hague:

"In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent."

The "clapping on" in this case is to be transferred to "Yankees." On another occasion Sir John Macdonald said: "If we are going to make this a great country—what the United States have made theirs—we must take a leaf out of their book," as to their fiscal policy; and meeting then an objection and a difficulty to which Mr. Goldwin Smith alludes, Sir John further said, "It cannot be called a retaliatory or vindictive policy to adopt their tariff. . . . We will say to them, 'We will do to you as you do to us.'" It takes two to make a bargain, however, and the powerful interests which have large influence at Washington may take a different view. On other occasions Sir John promised, when he attained power, "substantial protection," and "a sufficient tariff for every interest." "Retaliation" or "reciprocity of tariffs" was a leading idea of the "National Policy," in order to prevent Americans "slaughtering"

their manufactures in this country, and to keep out American produce; and as no one for a moment imagined the Americans would under compulsion readjust their tariff to suit our wants or our ideas, the Opposition mind was fixed on "retaliation," or, as the Tory leader put it at another picnic, "If the Americans will raise up a Chinese wall by which not a single article you (the Canadians) produce can go in untaxed, we will raise a similar wall." Columns could be given to establish this position, but for the present these brief quotations will suffice. It was in vain that the Liberal or Revenue-Tariff speakers and writers pointed out the economic unsoundness of this course, and the unwisdom of adopting the principle of "retaliation" on our neighbors, whom they, in common with a strong party in the Union, believed to have an unwise and unsound fiscal policy.

It was expected that these Protectionist and Retaliationist appeals and arguments might succeed in some manufacturing towns and cities, and at some places along the border influenced by unfair American coasting trade and wrecking regulations; but it was confidently believed that the farming communities would reject these "heresies." But to the surprise of the Tories themselves and to the astonishment of the Liberals it was in the rural districts that Protection-Retaliation received its warmest support. The question "Who pays the duty" was discussed *ad nauseam*, and the bulk of the farmers by their votes declared their belief that they paid the 15 cents per bushel American duty on barley, the 20 cents on wheat, the \$26 on each \$100 horse, and so on, while American produce came in free, or "paying" only a very light duty in comparison. The lumber trade is the largest producing interest of Canada, and farmers in the many extensive sections adjoining the lumbering districts were led to vote for Protection-Retaliation because the price of their oats and pork sold to the lumbermen would thereby be enhanced, regardless of the fact that protection would undoubtedly enhance the cost of producing lumber, while the spirit of retaliation thus aroused on the other side might result in the placing on that same lumber of an additional American duty—say a dollar or two more per thousand. This addition might stop the Canadian lumber trade altogether, or it would undoubtedly handicap the Canadian lumberman in the American market to such an extent that he would have to retire from competition with Michigan and Maine. The probability of this additional duty being imposed was shown by the fact that a recent addition to the Canadian excise duty on malt was urged at Washington by American maltsters as a reason for an increase of the United States duty upon that article; and as a considerable quantity of Canadian malt is exported to the United States while scarcely any American malt is imported, we had the significant spectacle at the last Parliamentary session of our most ardent Protectionists and Retaliationists advocating the repeal of the excise duty so as to deprive American maltsters of the argument which they were effectively using at Washington. Much more might be written on this large subject, but enough has been said to show that if the new Government honestly carry out the fiscal policy they have advocated during the past three years, the results will be disastrous in a great variety of ways to Canada's best interests on general anti-protection grounds, while an attempt at "retaliation" must fail to drive the Americans into a "fair measure" of reciprocity. It will rather lead them to double certain duties mainly affecting Canadian productions, and to increase rather than diminish the restrictions upon trade between the two countries.

A commercial union is out of the question. No government proposing it could exist in Canada twenty-four hours. "A full and permanent measure of commercial union" would simply mean the adoption by Canada of the American tariff, to the destruction of our trade and the severance of our connection with the mother country. The attachment of the Canadians to the Empire is a marked national feature. This alone might not impel them to take a course which might be considered disadvantageous or improper in a material sense; but there is here a strong and active and deep patriotism, an abiding faith in the future of Canada, a conviction that our system of government is in no sense inferior and in many ways superior to yours; a firm determination that we can work out our own destiny, alone if need be, or for many years to come as a most important member of the Empire, that will prevent the leader of one party or another party carrying out a policy that would lead, under the sinister guise of "commercial union," to absorption in or annexation to the United States—"Canada for the Canadians" in a loftier sense than in Sir John Macdonald's appeal to national selfishness; in a sense that must command the approval and the best wishes of all Americans who are true liberals.

A most important factor in the recent "political revolution" was the "hard times" that have prevailed here as in other countries for the past

three years. Many voted for "protection" with the idea that it could not make matters much worse, and might secure "good times." Could the article in the *Nation* (No. 692) on "The Causes of Industrial Depression," already copied extensively in the Canadian press, have been read by every elector many ballots would have been differently marked. There were also many minor and local causes into which I need not here enter.

C. D. B.

LINDSAY, ONT., OCTOBER 14, 1878.

[It should be remarked that Mr. Goldwin Smith did not allege that Canada was moving towards annexation, or that she was *consciously* moving towards closer commercial relations; but that if the policy pursued by statesmen on this side of the line were a friendly one, closer commercial relations would probably be the result.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

R. WORTHINGTON has nearly ready Mr. R. A. Proctor's 'Pleasant Ways in Science,' which treats a variety of topics, from sun-spots to the phonograph.—J. W. Bouton will shortly publish the 'Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature,' by Dr. John A. Weiss; 'The Philosophy of Existence,' by Dr. E. O. Kelley; and 'The Rosierucians: Their Rites and Mysteries,' by Hargrave Jennings.—S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, announce for next month 'Oratory and Orators,' by Wm. Mathews.—A new edition of President Porter's 'American Colleges and the American Public,' first published in 1870, has just been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, with an enlargement by six essays called "After-thoughts on College and School Education," and treating of preparatory schools, the class system in colleges, classical study and instruction, morals and manners of college and university life, the ideal American university, and co-education of the sexes. In the last the concessions made are noteworthy, though the conclusion is adverse.—An important paper on the "Discovery of America by John Cabot," by Frederic Kidder, read by the author before the Maine Historical Society in 1874, has been printed in the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, and also privately. He concludes that Cabot's first land-fall was the easternmost point of Cape Breton, and that he afterwards circumnavigated the island to the north, passed between Prince Edward's Island and the main, and steered for home through the straits of Belle Isle.—Gen. L. P. di Cesnola will deliver a course of four lectures on "Cyprus: its Ancient Arts and History," at Chickering Hall every Thursday evening of next month.—The *Geographical Magazine* for October (New York: John Wiley & Sons) has a timely article on Afghanistan, accompanied by a map sufficient for the reader of the day's news, though rather coarsely executed.—The six numbers of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell, Petter & Galpin) that have thus far appeared fix its rank among similar publications as most popular and least pretentious; depending for its illustrations on such as can be printed in relief; aiming to record current events in its own sphere, and to furnish portraits and biographies of living artists, with specimens of their work; but of slight authority as a guide or critic for those not content with the attractions enumerated.—The *Academy* announces that the Clarendon Press has found a competent editor to continue the revision of Bosworth's 'Anglo-Saxon Dictionary' from the letter G, at which point it was interrupted by the death of the author.—The prospectus of an unsectarian Protestant daily newspaper has been put forward at Nice. The conductor will be M. Eug. Réveillaud. The sanguine projectors hope to make it a paying enterprise, with a surplus for propagandism.—Recent publications on Molière embrace a reprint of the rare "Elomire Hypocendre," a contemporaneous comedy, full of the basest charges against the playwright whose name furnishes the anagram (Elomire=Molière). This reprint is preceded by a very interesting essay on the enemies of Molière, by M. Ch. L. Livet. One of these last, in the class of opponents of the stage in general, has been made the subject of M. Louis Veuillot's 'Molière and Bourdaloue,' in which, it is needless to say, the preacher gains by the comparison instituted. The same title has been adopted for a lively reply by M. Henri de Lapommeraye, who handles M. Veuillot without gloves. In the September number of *Polybiblion* is a sort of supplement to M. Paul Laeroix's 'Bibliographie Moliéresque,' by M. J. Bauquier. It is by no means exhaustive.

—The recent discovery of an original document relating to our Revolutionary War in an antiquarian bookstore in Baireuth appears to be of some importance. This document is the manuscript diary of one of the officers of the Hessian troops who served in the British army. It is a large folio volume, as we learn from a description of it in the *Allgemeine Militär-Zeitung* of Darmstadt, and embraces the period from January, 1778, to March, 1779. All that is known of its history is that it formerly belonged to Lieut.-Col. Max von Eelking, the author of 'Die deutschen Hilfstruppen im Nordamerikanischen Befreiungskriege 1776-1783' (The German Auxiliaries in the North American War of Independence), published in 1863. It is conjectured, since the author's name nowhere appears in the manuscript, to have been that referred to in Von Eelking's list of authorities for his work as the 'Diary of Capt. Friedrich von der Malsburg, of the regiment Von Dillfurth, from February, 1776, to November 16, 1780.' If this conjecture be correct, it is evident that a large part of the diary is still undiscovered. The extracts given in the *Militär-Zeitung* show the writer to have been a man of considerable intelligence and powers of observation. He kept a daily record not only of events but of the news and rumors of the day. As the Diary is understood to be for sale, we may hope that it will be secured for this country; and as the writer was stationed at Newport during the British occupation, some one of the wealthy summer residents of that city might gracefully acknowledge his indebtedness to the Redwood Library by presenting it with the MS.

—Mr. E. P. Whipple's "Recollections of Rufus Choate" is, the longer and shorter tales always excepted, much the most interesting paper in the November *Harper's*. It is a lenient judgment of the politician and the criminal lawyer, and a very pleasing characterization of the genius who has, after all, left nothing behind him but a certain number of witticisms, the tradition of his persuasive powers with a jury and of his triumphs in acquitting the guilty, and a couple of familiar quotations, of which the "glittering generalities" (of the Declaration of Independence) will be the last to perish. Mr. Whipple shows how Mr. Choate's admirable delivery carried him and his hearers safely through his proverbially involved and protracted sentences. No such aid was at hand for those who read his addresses, and his chirography (of which a facsimile is given) was as a medium of communication with the world at large about as intelligible as so much Arabic. Mr. Whipple does not exhaust the fund of anecdote which belongs to his subject. It was Choate who said, of an unpopular member of his profession, "Some men we hate for cause; others peremptorily." Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's "Sea-Islands" is but a hasty glance at a portion of the romantic coast from Charleston to the St. John's River, but it is of some value as giving the latest impressions of moral and material progress in a region which certainly stood in need of it; and the illustrations are excellent. Good reading also is the illustrated article on the "New Sequoia Forests of California," by that ardent explorer, Mr. John Muir. He traces the belt of Sequoia growth from the Calaveras River on the north to the head waters of Deer Creek on the south, and his conclusions are encouraging. These are, that the species was never more extensively distributed on the Sierra in post-glacial times, that it is propagating itself naturally, that it flourishes in a dry soil (its roots collecting the moisture commonly associated with it), and, inferentially, that it can be protected and preserved against fire and wanton destruction. Fire, by the way, cannot make much impression on the outside of these trees, but it methodically bores out the interior. "All those far-famed hollow trunks into which horsemen may gallop, are hollowed, after falling, through the agency of fire." "The trunks frequently endure for centuries after they fall." All the upper portion of the general forest belt, including not only the Sequoia but the various pines of commanding size, grow, according to Mr. Muir, on "moraine soil, ground from the mountain flank by the ancient glaciers."

—The most striking feature in *Lippincott's* for November is the original illustrations; they are not only a novelty, or almost so, for this magazine, but they rank with the best in any of the monthlies. We are thinking particularly of those which accompany the opening paper on Long Island, "Seawanhaka, the Island of Shells." The literary merit of this paper, it must be admitted, is inferior to that of Mr. Ingersoll's, covering much the same ground, in a late *Harper's*. Mrs. Mary Treat's "Harvesting Ants of Florida" furnishes fresh proof of this lady's patience and ingenuity as a scientific observer, and of her capacity for describing in an entertaining manner what she has seen. One of her stories here is about the ants filling up a pond in which one of their number had narrowly escaped drowning. It was a small shell, containing a little water,

placed within reach for drinking purposes by Mrs. Treat herself. The luxury was enjoyed up to the time of the accident, when it was voted that a bog was as useful as a pond and not at all dangerous, and with dirt and apple-seeds the ants filled up the shell. Mr. Kenman's concluding paper on the "Unwritten Literature of the Caucasian Musicians" gives some more folk-lore specimens, and a number of characteristic songs which recall the Klephtic poetry evoked by Turkish oppression in Greece, as these by Russian conquest in Circassia. Mr. H. T. Finck's opinion of "Music in America" is not flattering, but we are far from saying that it is not just. His remarks on what he calls the "sheet-music nuisance," meaning the unlimited publication of those "flimsy productions" which may be "seen lying about freely on the pianos of people who would blush at the mere thought of having books of the same intellectual and aesthetic level lying on their parlor tables for general inspection and for the entertainment of guests"—these remarks are excellent; and so are those on our Anglo-Saxon preference for dance-music over all other forms, on the dearth of amateur string-quartets, "those most intellectual and enjoyable of all musical clubs," on our shabby opera troupes, which "differ in no essential respect, except in being less sure of their parts, from travelling bands of negro minstrels," etc., etc. Mr. Finck is able to praise highly our concert programmes and performances, thanks largely to Mr. Theodore Thomas; and what has been done to teach singing in the public schools, especially in Boston, where, "thanks to the intelligent labors of Mr. Lowell Mason and Mr. Julius Eichberg, it is now possible, on occasion, to raise a chorus of five thousand well-trained juvenile voices."

—Dr. Osborne, the Paris correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, better known by his nom de plume of "Spiridon," contributes to the November number of *Scribner* an interesting paper on "A Modern Playwright—Eugène Scribe." Dr. Osborne, who has paid to the French dramatist the practical compliment of adapting "Une Chaine" to the American stage as "Crossing the Quicksands," here writes of him with undue emphasis and with some exaggeration and inaccuracy, but his paper is made interesting by its accumulation of characteristic anecdotes. Scribe's honesty and generosity, his liberal treatment of his literary partner, his share in reorganizing the Dramatic Authors' Society, the influence of his success on the French stage, his skill as a maker of opera-books, are all set forth. But the reaction visible in France of late toward Scribe, unduly decried during the closing years of his life, and the favor with which his work is regarded by both critics and public, is scarcely sufficiently indicated. The language and the characters of his plays are indeed already rococo, for Scribe was a maker of plays to suit the taste of the hour; but his profound knowledge of the science of the stage all who study the theatre cannot but admire. M. Dumas declares that if a writer should arise who knew man like Balzac and the stage like Scribe, he would be the greatest dramatist who ever lived. To this it may be replied that both Shakspeare and Molière knew man as well as Balzac, and they knew the stage of their day as well as Scribe knew the stage of his; but the theatrical art, on its technical side, has grown greatly since their time, and Scribe is nowadays a far safer model for the dramatic aspirant than either Molière or Shakspeare. It is his subordination of everything to the demands of stage success which makes most of Scribe's plays now seem wooden and lifeless. Dr. Osborne quotes, among many other entertaining anecdotes, his "Cut, cut—words blotted are never hissed." Apparently he did not cut enough out of his earlier plays, for the first half-dozen were a failure. Mr. Matthew Arnold has an anecdote in point. It is the dying joke of Heine, who, as breath was fast failing him, was asked if he could whistle (in French "siffler," meaning also "to hiss"), to which he replied with an effort, "No, not even a play of M. Scribe's."

—The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations at its recent meeting appointed, as we lately mentioned, a committee to report next year on a subject which has already produced a great deal of discussion in the press. The question referred to the committee, of which we understand Dr. Joseph P. Thompson to be the chairman, is, "By what right and under what conditions may an aggressive Power claim a war-indemnity in the event of conquest?" In moving this committee Dr. Thompson pointed out that the cost of modern warfare had given rise during the last century to enormous exactions. In the twelve years from 1796 to 1808 the indemnities exacted by Napoleon from the Italian States, the Netherlands, and Germany amounted to many millions of francs. After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 Prussia exacted five milliards from France. After the late Russo-Turkish war

Russia was allowed by the Congress of Berlin to indemnify herself by a large accession of territory, including a port which Russia had not captured and whose inhabitants protested against the transfer. Besides this Russia demanded an enormous pecuniary indemnity, a requisition which now seems to rest in a sort of diplomatic limbo, possibly to make its appearance hereafter as a pretext for war. It should not be forgotten, either, that in the Franco-German war the practice of requisitions on cities by the invading army was carried to great lengths. It is obvious that the right to indemnity, if it exists, is liable to great abuses, and Dr. Thompson suggests that the right may serve as the motive of a war of spoliation. That is, a government may wage war simply for the purpose of getting the indemnity. He quotes Bluntschli as maintaining that pecuniary exactions of an invading power within the enemy's territory are relics of barbarisms: such exactions were formerly justified by the consideration that by paying them communities escaped from pillage; but civilized warfare does not admit of pillage, and therefore the practice has no ground for existence. In this we think Bluntschli is mistaken. Civilized warfare undoubtedly does not admit of sack, but "living on the country," which is clearly recognized as permissible everywhere, is nothing but pillage; and it seems to us that requisitions as a substitute for it are a distinct change in the interest of civilization and progress. And apart from all question of "living on the country," we can hardly imagine the most civilized people, which contemplates the possibility of ever being engaged in war, abandoning a right more disagreeable still in its effects—that of laying waste an enemy's country which could be reduced in no other way (as in case of an obstinate guerilla warfare), by a general destruction of property.

—All this, however, is beside the main question proposed by Dr. Thompson, relating to war-indemnity (pecuniary exactions as the condition of peace). He thinks that a remedy for the abuses to which this right may lead is to be found in arbitration. To obviate the objection that arbitrators have no power to enforce their decision, he would have treaties pledging their signers to mediation or to "concert of moral action" held inviolable, and the attempt to set aside such treaties by other than the "rational and moral" methods prescribed in it followed "by a threat of war on the part of the other signatories against the offender." Thus "arbitration would be backed by power." He cites the Congress of Berlin as an instance of "arbitration backed by power," an illustration which hardly helps his argument. The difficulty in getting countries to adopt such treaties as Dr. Thompson proposes is that, in so far as they are not binding they are useless, and in so far as they are binding, they reduce each single state to the position of a member of a confederacy. It is difficult to imagine any state in Europe, for instance, willing to leave it to the decision of any one, two, three, or four other states to say whether she had been waging an "aggressive" war or not. This is a point as to which the two belligerents always differ, and the public at large generally takes sides in the matter in accordance with its sympathies, and this must always be so, because no two nations ever get to the point of fighting without both sides having found some principle at stake which they are ready to die for. Of course it is unfair to decide the question of "aggression" by the mere declaration of war. One side may have been forced into declaring war by the acts of the other, and in this case the latter is really the aggressor.

—The revival of the discussion as to the relative value of German and Latin derivatives recalls to mind the theory, as to the different turn taken by the German and by the English mind, advanced by Dr. Th. Heinrich Weisse in his *German Grammar*:

"Every one," he says, "is acquainted with the difference in the formation of the English and German languages, the one being composed of scraps of various tongues, the other having grown regularly and unmixed upon its native soil. Those who praise the German language on this ground often fail to consider how much strength and beauty English has acquired through its gradual absorption of various elements. To most people, moreover, the real difference is unknown. This consists in the different effect which the two languages respectively produce upon the development of those who learn them as the mother-tongue. Whoever wishes to realize this should observe the children of the two nations when spelling. With the alphabet the German child has learned certain unvarying sounds and, with this, reading itself; while the English child has taken only the first little step on a path of infinite toil. Of what in English is called 'spelling' we Germans have no idea, because with us there may be several signs for the same sound, but never different sounds for the same character. While this accustoms the English child to great efforts of memory, and to patient submission to and faith in that which cannot be explained to him; and while this exercise costs him many of those hours which the German child is able to give to the free play of his imagination and to intelligent contemplation, this is by no means all. To

the obstacles in the way of enormously difficult and complicated orthography, which the English boy has to overcome, must now be added the still greater difficulty of the derivation of his words from the various languages, without a knowledge of which he is, as it were, a stranger in his own house. Here, also, the one is called upon to exercise his memory, the other to develop his mind by easy inferences (*seinen Geist in leichten Schritten entwickeln*). This is evident from the following examples: *Weg*, way; *bewegen*, to move; *Bewegung*, motion; *beweglich*, movable, agile. . . . This also explains the fact that the education of German children is finished, on an average, two or three years before that of English. Whoever hears a school-boy parse Shakspeare or Milton will, undoubtedly, be filled with admiration; and he will not deny that a world of ideas is won at the same time as the special knowledge rendered necessary by the character of the language (*Sprachmaterial*).

—Theologians have always found it difficult to account for the mosquito in a moral universe, but it appears that their perplexity has only begun. It has been discovered that various forms of elephantoid disease, perhaps even leprosy, are due to a thread-like parasite in the blood, the *filaria sanguinis hominis*. The ovum of this interesting animalcule is swallowed in the water drunk by the human being, and is hatched in the intestines, and the tiny worm travels by boring through the tissues into the blood-stream, where it matures and begins its work of obstruction. Its work of reproduction, however, must be performed elsewhere, and where else but in the stomach of the mosquito? This insect sucks up the parasite with the blood of the person infested, houses it until its eggs are laid, and then voids these in the pools which it frequents, ready for drinking by the human species, when the dismal round recommences. Medical men are naturally charmed with this discovery, but, as we have said, it is very depressing to the theologians.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.*

THE writer of this book was appointed at the age of eighteen, by the late Dr. S. G. Howe, as the special instructress of Laura Bridgman. Her duties began in 1841, when her pupil, who was brought to the Asylum in Boston at the age of eight, was twelve years old, and continued until 1845. Two-thirds of the volume is made up of extracts from the diaries which both teacher and pupil were required to keep during these years. Very little that is new respecting the earlier life of the latter with her parents, or the interesting first stages of her education, is added to what is already known through Dr. Howe's annual reports, large portions of which are reprinted. During the last twenty-five years she has been less carefully instructed and observed, and various causes have combined to diminish the interest once so deeply and extensively felt in her. The writer attempts little but the baldest record of facts, for which, considering the temptations to be philosophical or sentimental, as well as for the discretion of her selections from the copious materials at her disposal, the book deserves only commendation. The humane interest so universally excited by Dr. Howe's persevering philanthropy, his ingenious and finally successful methods of instruction, the intellectual, moral, and religious questions supposed to be involved in Laura's education, the discussion of some of which he hoped his life might be spared to begin, warrant a far more thorough method in working up authorities and in physiological investigation of her present condition than has yet been applied. The leading facts in her life, indeed, are now almost classic in psychology. They are cited not only by theologians and moralists of every American variety, but by Hartmann, Wundt, Bain, Spencer, Maudsley, and scores of others in illustration of their distinctive tenets. For these facts we have no space, but refer the reader to Mrs. Lamson's biography.

Perhaps the most important question is whether the first twenty-five or six months of a childhood which is somewhat precocious and in the full possession of every sense and faculty can ever be totally forgotten. Great pains have been taken by many methods and at various periods to make Laura recall the time before her disastrous illness when she could see and talk, but in vain. She has written three extended sketches of her early life, in all of which her memory refuses to go behind the long convalescence during her third and fourth years. But when we reflect on the rapidity with which relations of time, space, and the properties of matter are learned during the first few months of infancy, we must believe that some trace, though it be as vague as Platonic reminiscences, of these experiences must remain. The right eye distinguished the light of a candle, the window, and possibly some shades of color up to the seventh year. The facility with which Laura learned to run about, to knit, sew, braid, etc., before she left her home; the suddenness and completeness with which, after a few lessons with objects and labels at the asylum,

the idea of thus communicating with others came to her mind; her freedom at all times from what instructors of the blind designate as blind-mindedness or want of capacity to comprehend space-relations, all indicate that possibly her condition when she came to the asylum was not so identical with that of a child blind from birth as even Dr. Howe supposed, and that thus her marvellous curiosity as well as her quickness of comprehension may be in part accounted for.

Language is primitively and essentially a form of gesture. To name things is to react upon them by definite and peculiar muscular contraction, and it is one of the happy accidents of development that instead of seeing the position of all the organs of speech, and thence inferring subjective states—as from the face and the movements of the hands, etc.—we come to apprehend the gestures of the vocal organs *through the ear*. To the deaf-mute, learning to talk by the Graham-Bell method, speech becomes again, as it was at first, only a series of gestures. The finger-language is thus no more artificial, no further removed from the natural gesture-language of primitive phonetic types, than is ordinary speech. It labors only under the disadvantage of addressing not the ear but the eye, which cannot attend in every direction at the same time; of being less flexible, and thus less expressive, and of being less adapted to indicate shades of emotion than organs which are immediately affected by every change in respiration, circulation, etc. Thus it is possible that the practice of articulate expression, once acquired and forgotten orally, should be developed manually with much greater facility than would be possible without such experience. The immediate objects of perception are not sensations pure and simple. The education of childhood, indeed, consists, as Helmholtz urges, largely in forgetting these and in recognizing instead the motor reactions from, and the practical interpretations of, them. As psychic life grows more mental and less reflex, reactions at first violent and widely irradiated finally become most special, delicate, and diverse in the movements of the muscles concerned in vision and in speech. It is possible, as Noiré urges, though it is as yet by no means proved, that certain forms of muscular work common to primitive man were each naturally attended by certain positions and activities of the vocal organs; that the task of connecting primitive speech-roots, when once ascertained, with primitive forms of human industry, is a purely physiological one, and that because these vocables may stand for repeated or epitomized complex acts, and are intelligible to others, they are developed into language. Nor must we forget, as Geiger has so admirably shown, the importance of ocular impressions, which intensify and specialize all reflexes concerned in the development of speech.

After the contents of Laura's ears and eye-balls suppurated and were discharged, at the age of twenty-six months, her mother is quite positive she never attempted to utter one of her childish stock of words; but she soon developed a small number of "noises" for persons and things, which even yet are more instinctively used to express emotional states than the finger-language. Although with the sense of hearing she lost the "word-pattern," the "throat-gesture" did not cease to be expressive. Significant as these sounds are to those who have become acquainted with them, we cannot with Dr. Lieber regard them as purely natural or typical utterances, partly because vestiges of the conventional sounds learned through the ear may still modify the activity of the organs, partly because the latter seem to have been slightly affected as one of the sequelæ of her long sickness with scarlet fever, and partly because she has learned by feeling the face and throat of others so many conventional positions of the mouth and larynx. These tones, like the lower part of the face, which, as with most blind persons, is still very flexible and expressive, are exceedingly responsive to every change of physical, mental, or emotional condition. This seems to indicate that, in modification of Wundt's theory, articulation is a co-factor, along with the gestures which attend tasting and smelling, in determining the expression of the mouth, nostrils, etc. The vague sensation of light which continued to come through the right eye no doubt added to the intensity and range of bodily movements and increased the irrepressible, impetuous persistency in the expression of notions and desires so common among this class of defective beings.

Many princes have had less intelligent pains taken with their education than has been given to Laura. This must not be forgotten in attempting to distinguish between what is natural and spontaneous and what is acquired by imitation and otherwise. This is the main problem suggested by her life. Dr. Howe expresses surprise in one of his reports at her intuitive modesty, saying that he had never observed an indelicate word or gesture: "as if," said Laura's mother, "we had not trained her to that at home before the doctor ever saw her." She instantly detects an idiotic from an intelligent child by the feeling of its hand; but the

* "Life and Education of Laura Dewey Bridgman, the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Girl. By Mary Swift Lamson." Boston: N. E. Publishing Co. 1878. Pp. 373.

wonder vanishes when we learn that she had at one time more or less intercourse with the inmates of an institution for idiots, and could not fail to notice the peculiar flabbiness and atonicity of their muscles. She was very fond at one time of having a mirror in her room; few presents have ever delighted her more than a little music-box, the tones of which, as it plays in her hand, she can feel, in her own phrase, "with very still and joyous delight"; she is fond of ornaments, interested in fashions, remembers the names of the colors of her own and other's dresses and ribbons, is fond of having photographs of her friends, is scrupulously neat and careful of her personal appearance, and still loves to amuse her friends by pretending to read aloud from a book or to play the piano, by mimicking the voice and walk of her acquaintances, by dressing and acting as she fancies a very fine lady does. Thus she is to some extent, as has been said, a creature of conventionality. But, on the other hand, she falls in love, becomes jealous and angry, manifests shame and pride, is exceedingly fond of money, presents, etc., loves even yet every sort of sport which she can appreciate—punning, ludicrous stories, a good frolic, etc.—like a lively girl of ten years of age, is exceedingly conscientious and sometimes remorseful, is possessed of an insatiable curiosity not only about gossip or household matters, but about the nature of things which others see and hear, and is often surprisingly acute and original in her interpretation of Scripture texts and church doctrines, while many questions and answers which the writer has taken down from her lips about the mode of origin and the duration of the world, the nature and attributes of the Deity, etc., would, in many ages and places, have been accepted as actually inspired. These traits are no doubt more or less purely natural and innate.

To distinguish what was native from what was adventitious in Laura's moral, and especially her religious, development was one of Dr. Howe's chief interests in all his efforts and observations. He had no Rousseau-like expectation that perfect goodness would result from complete isolation, still less had he any wish to retard the unfolding of her mind in either of these directions. He only required her teacher to refer Laura to him for answers to her questions upon these subjects, and sought in every way to shield her from dogmatic indoctrination. The early record of her fresh and original intuitions, of her curious approaches to questions regarding the necessity and character of a first cause, of the unaccountable development of her conscience, etc., all so essentially correct yet so unconventional, are no less hopeful for human nature than the eager interest and sympathy which they everywhere awakened were creditable to it. About 1845, after his return from some months' absence in Europe, Dr. Howe was quite disheartened to find the mind which he had labored so long to develop and guide in the way which he believed to be best for it, as well as most instructive to the world, cobwebbed with the barren formulae and the shallow sentiments of one of the popular orthodoxies of the day. "I hardly recognized on my return," he said, "the Laura I had known." We should not be surprised if his interest in her became gradually less as she fell more and more under the influence of her new spiritual guides, and thus month by month grew less original and more conventional. Nothing can exceed the crudeness of a literal translation of the Bible into terms of the one sense of touch. "Is not the Lamb of God grown to a sheep yet?" "Does Jesus carry us in his arms so?" [with the gesture of a mother embracing her child.] "Was not Thomas right, wanting to feel the wound of the spear?" These and many similar questions are on record, attesting at the same time her native curiosity and the poverty of her conceptions. Mrs. Lamson does not hesitate to speak of her own "enforced reticence" on religious subjects as "disastrous." "I was unable," she says, "to appeal to the highest motives. She (Laura) was living under the old dispensation and had not even the example of Christ for a model; for until my last month with her she did not even know his name." Whether teachers or family friends were instrumental in her theological instruction, conversion, and at last admission with immersion into the Baptist Church, or whether it was due to the indefinable influence of her surroundings, is now a question of little moment.

Laura is still of the greatest interest for purposes of physiological study. These have already been begun, and the following are some of the results thus far: The left eye is still slightly sensitive to a strongly concentrated ray of sunlight, which causes, however, only pain. The discriminative sensibility of the end of the index finger is about twice that of the tip of the tongue, and three times as great as is found with ordinary people. The initial increase of sensibility during the first few minutes of experimentation, which it has been said could not be found among the blind as it may be in all observations with the seeing, is always

distinctly noticeable. Certain parts of the face, especially the forehead and the region about the eyeballs, are anæsthetic not only to tactile but still more to electrical and thermal irritation. Parts of the body protected by clothing are fully up to the average of normal sensibility. Her deafness is so total that the hand is more sensitive to sonorous vibrations than the teeth or occipital regions of the skull. She is so unusually sensitive to dizziness in being rotated in each of the three planes of a solid body that it would appear either that the part of the auditory nerve which supplies the semi-circular canals still retains its functions, which is contrary to most observations on deaf-mutes, or else that Mach's famous hypothesis which locates the sensation of giddiness here is erroneous. This question only a post-mortem examination can determine. The tip of the tongue retains more gustatory sensibility than either the sides or the back—even the tactile sensibility of the latter is very low. Certain odors Laura recognizes without difficulty. The time occupied in the transmission of an impression to the sensorium, its conversion into a motor impulse, and the resulting muscular contraction—or what is often called the personal equation—is surprisingly small in her. There are certain figures, well known to every student of optics, in which the law of contrast causes lines which are straight to seem otherwise, and the reverse; experiments with Laura prove that several of these figures are invariably as deceptive to touch as to sight. She talks to herself with her fingers, covering the speaking hand with the other (whether to indicate secrecy or because she is so used to talking into others' hands that a receptive surface has come to seem necessary for full impression, it is hard to say), and far more often makes emotional sounds and slight contortions of face in her sleep, indicative of dreaming. That she has ever dreamed in terms of sight and hearing, so far as can be made out, is with one quite notable exception very improbable.

Of colors she has not the slightest idea, nor has she, as do many who lose the sense of sight and hearing later in life, ever come to associate these with conceptions of sound. She unquestionably possesses to a remarkable degree the power of remembering, and it would often seem of recalling, her own past sensations, yet her knowledge is mainly in terms of time and not of space. She forms conceptions of aggregates with great difficulty; knows that her room, but not that the house, is square; can form no mental picture, as some of the congenitally blind are able to do—how, e.g., Boston on a single street would look from a high hill, or, without some effort, how many sides of chimneys and trees could be seen from one standpoint. She can tell very little, and that, of course, only in an artificial way from memory alone, what sort of animals, things, events, impacts, etc., can make a noise, yet her idea of rhythm is quite accurate. She is, as is inevitable for those in her condition, who are shut up within their own few sensations, very egotistical. She never speaks or writes of her bed without describing it as "easy," "new," "soft," or "clean"; her room is always "cozy" or "sunny," the fire is always "nice" or "warm." These and many other epithets are perpetually recurring with a more than Homeric uniformity and emphasis. Despite her imperfect taste and her small appetite, her food is taken with epicurean gusto; and she experiences true æsthetic pleasure in feeling of objects that are smooth, warm, soft, etc. Men are apt to wonder at the ordinary achievements of those who are only blind and deaf, forgetting how readily and how far either of these senses may be trained to act for the other; but a blind deaf-mute encounters far more than a double disadvantage. A very general must be substituted for two very special senses in all intercourse with the external world, and the degree with which this was done for Laura by Dr. Howe still remains perhaps the greatest triumph of patient pedagogic skill.

Westerly (Rhode Island) and its Witnesses. 1620-1876. By Rev. Frederic Denison, A.M. (Providence: J. A. & R. A. Reid. 1878.)—When you have said that Westerly was settled about 1661; that it was so named because of its geographical position on the western border of Rhode Island; that it owes its recent growth and prosperity to manufactures and its magnificent granite quarries; that it has for nearly half a century refused to license the sale of liquor; and that it has one of the best hotels in New England, you have said all that can be said to characterize the town. Much can be and is here related of the aboriginal inhabitants of the district adjoining the Pawcatuck River, called by them Misquamicut (salmon)—the Nantics, their invaders and subjugators the Pequots, and their allies the Narragansetts. In spite of the bloody scenes of extermination which Rhode Island witnessed, a handful of the native tribes still lingers in the township, governing itself largely in its own way.

on a reservation of which some 2,000 acres are held by individual members, and declining to avail itself of the enfranchisement of the blacks and acquire citizenship at the expense of its privileges. When this was sought to be thrust upon them, they replied:

"Negro citizenship, as we have seen it, means the right to have the negro vote for somebody, but not to be voted for; no white man votes for a negro; we do not want this negro citizenship. . . . We desired to vote for the great and good Lincoln. Had we been gratified, we should also have voted for Andrew Johnson. The joy of having voted for the one would have been darkened by the sorrow that we had voted for the other."

This was shrewdly put by their pale-faced adviser. They have maintained an Indian church but not their own numbers, and are slowly melting away like their forefathers, whose numerous burial grounds are a striking feature of the township. Of the natural features too little is said or suggested by the author. They are interesting in the highest degree for their evidences of the great ice age—the crumpled surface abounding in ponds, the rocking boulders, the glacial scratches; the neighboring Narragansett Bay being the last of the floods on the Atlantic coast. As in all glacial regions, the scenery is delightful; and the peninsula of Watch Hill, at the mouth of the Pawcatuck River, dividing the ocean and the Sound, is one of the most fascinating of sea-side resorts. We believe Mr. Denison has also overlooked the claims of the Rhode Island turkey as a famous product of the township, its superiority being attributed to its shell diet.

This volume is well leavened with amusing anecdote and gossip, and is especially valuable for the insight into the New England character afforded by its narratives of superstition and religious aberration. The following sentiment, however, is the author's own. It occurs (p. 38) in connection with Capt. John Mason's "terrible onset with muskets, sword, and flame, that swept down six hundred Pequots, demolished the fort, and broke the life of the nation":

"A Christian minister, Rev. Samuel Stone, accompanied the expedition and served with remarkable efficiency. Hence from the bivouac of the soldier arose to heaven probably the first incense of intelligent prayer ever publicly offered on this soil to the living and true God."

How to learn Russian. A Manual for Students of Russian, based upon the Ollendorffian system of teaching languages, and adapted for self-instruction. By Henry Riola. With a preface by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.)—It is not often that the publication of an elementary text-book signifies so much as the appearance of this one. The book is a token of much more than the sudden desire of English officers to know Russian enough to serve them in a campaign. It is the result of the growing sense among English-speaking people that it is time to know something of Russia at first hand, and, moreover, that there is something to be known that is worth the labor of learning. The bare fact of the existence of such a book will help to correct the exaggerated estimate of the difficulty of mastering Russian. It certainly is not harder to read than Greek, and to speak it correctly and intelligibly probably not more difficult than German. Fluency and fulness of speech are another matter. Until now it has been almost impossible to learn Russian except through German. Reiff, good or bad as it was, is out of print, while the French had little better than mere phrase-books. It may still be true that for want of good English dictionaries the German is indispensable; but this book by Riola is far better for a beginner than any existing German one, even were the German like a mother-tongue. Its clearness and simplicity will be best appreciated by the pioneers who have toiled through the tedious and absurd pages of 'Joel and Fuchs,' the Russian-German Ollendorff, which ingeniously unites all the faults that have ever been charged upon the Ollendorff system. Even Boltz's 'Lehrgang,' which is most admirable as a second book, confuses and overwhelms the beginner with its mass of details.

Riola's book is full enough both in explanation and illustration to be distinctly understood, but the aim seems to be to make the student familiar with the general forms and inflections—the skeleton of the language—rather than merely to accumulate a vocabulary. The exercises are well arranged, and are far more like the sentences of intelligent conversation than those which are usually gathered in such books. The notes on the lessons on the nouns and the variations of them, by which the Russian expresses almost every shade of feeling, would be entertaining even to those who take only a curious interest in the language. The

explanation of the verb with what the Germans call its *Anschauungsformen* would be too brief if it were intended for any but mature students, but for such it is very clear.

One word as to the use of this manual, a practical suggestion which has borne the test of experience. Whether the object in view be reading or speaking Russian, it will both be easier and the quicker way to go first entirely through the book in reverse order—that is, to take the *key* as the text-book, and read it straight through as an illustration of the notes and rules. This will enable one to recognize the forms of inflected words at sight. To be able to reproduce them from memory is not necessary. Then, if reading is the object, take Boltz's 'Lehrgang,' or, better still, if one has the courage, strike at once into something of strong interest, one of Pushkin's shorter stories or Turgeneff's 'Sketches of a Sportsman.' Even if speaking Russian is the aim, this first survey of the ground will be time gained in the end.

The value of the manual as a book of reference would be vastly increased, in a second edition, by some sort of alphabetical arrangement in the vocabularies.

La France Contemporaine, ou Les Français peints par eux-mêmes. Études de mœurs et de littérature, recueillies et annotées par J. Baumgarten. (Cassel: Théodore Kay; New York: F. W. Christern. 1878.)—Dr. Baumgarten states in his preface that the object of his book is to show the French as described by themselves, thus avoiding the reproaches of malice and ignorance which the lively Gaul is well known to be in the habit of heaping upon those who write with frankness about his country. The author also points out that his book is not a work of "slander and injustice," such as those "journeys of patriotic discovery" which certain "germanophages" have recently put forth about Germany. Having for thirty years made France an object of conscientious study, the worthy doctor professes to have a sufficiently close knowledge of the country to put him altogether beyond the reach of prejudice and to make him incapable of producing anything but a philosophical study of manners. He then proceeds to point out how an unphilosophical hatred impairs the judgment by citing the case of M. Jacoliot, who insists on talking about the "brute germanique," and of MM. Laprade and Pontmartin, who, after having expatiated at length on "the falsity of the human heart in the dramas of Schiller," arrive, with regard to Germany, at this remarkable conclusion: "The German heart is not in the breast, but in the head. . . . A brain very powerful, a stomach still more so; such is the Germanic man. With him, be he poet, artist, or prince, sentiment is merely the link which connects the stomach with the brain." Having said this, Dr. Baumgarten trusts that the reader will not suspect the honesty of his purpose when he finds in the body of the book a whole series of studies on the moral decline of France. It is true, he admits, that the nation has recently shown an extraordinary amount of vitality and material resource, but nevertheless, by the side of this, "the demoralization exists and goes on increasing." This demoralization is not only social but religious as well. Not only have the doctrines of spiritualism made alarming ravages in France, but Catholicism has fastened its clutch upon the country, the position of this religion in France, as the author very justly remarks, being essentially different from that which it has been given in Germany by "the laws, the firmness of government, and the enlightened patriotism of an overwhelming majority of the citizens."

After reading this philosophical preface we have turned with interest to the body of the book, and find, as we suspected, that contemporary France, if as black as it is painted by Dr. Baumgarten's selected authorities, is a very bad place indeed, and, what is worse, that there is small hope of its ever becoming any better. All sorts of writers are quoted from: Taine, Gasparin, Nestor Roqueplan, Ernest Feydeau, Émile Montégut, and a host of others to show the present condition of civilization in France, and the result is that we see pass before our eyes a strange procession of *absinteurs, cocottes, cocodis, gaudins*, through *Jardins Mabile, cafés chantants*, and other places of French dissipation on their road to final destruction. We have also the carnival, clerical education, spirit-rappings and a vast variety of other subjects discussed—all, of course, by Frenchmen, and all in a manner to stimulate the appetite of the "gallophage." It is all a very dark picture, and when we reflect that it is based on a philosophical and dispassionate study of thirty years, we can hardly find it in our heart to admit that Dr. Baumgarten did well to lift the veil which obscured it. We notice that the publishers, who evidently do not mean to let philosophy stand in the way of business, advertise the book as a "Seitenstück zu Tissot, Voyage au pays des milliards."

